Sexism and the *New York Times* • Dennis Hopper

New Times

OCTOBER 2, 1978 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

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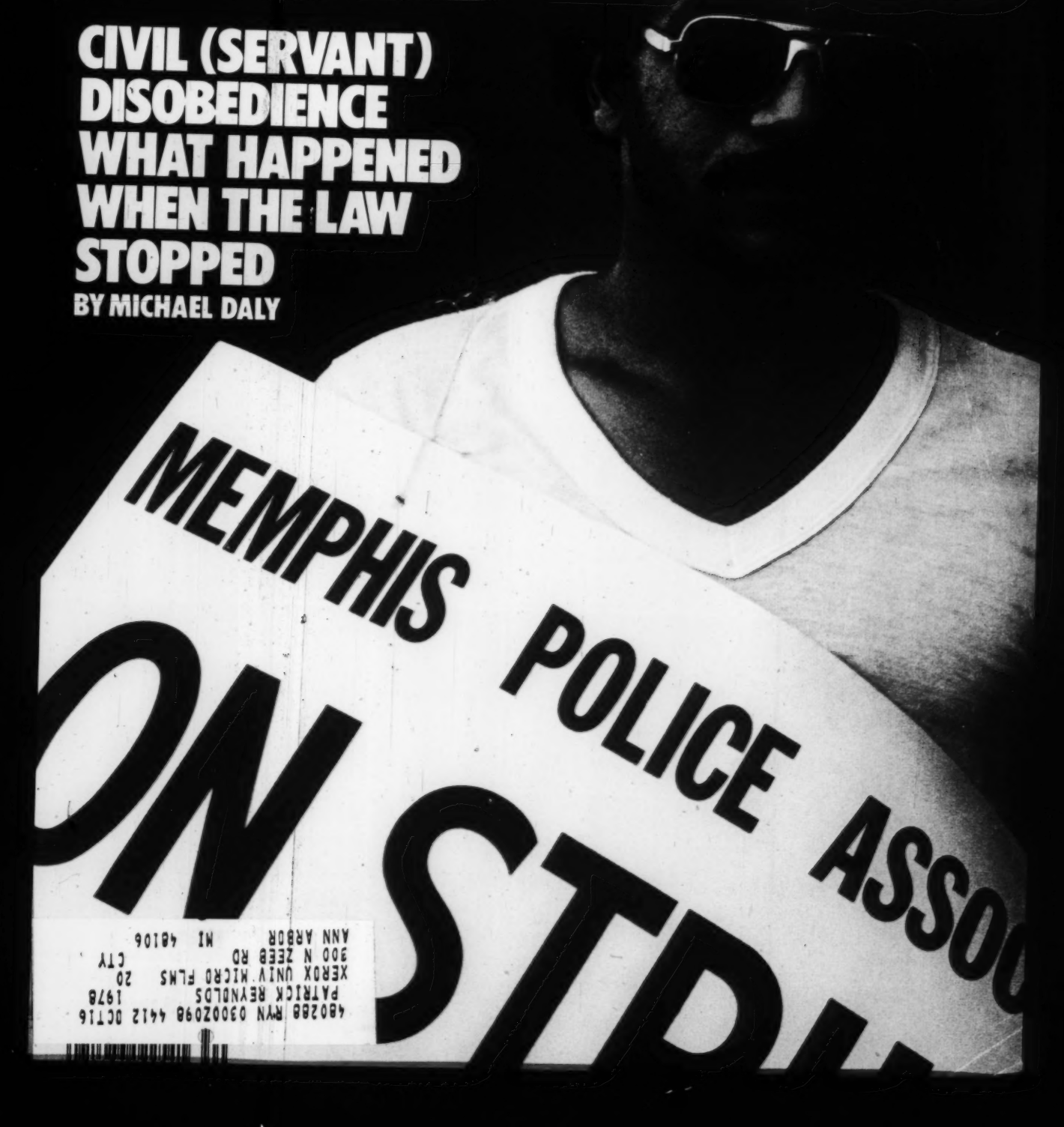
BY MICHAEL DALY



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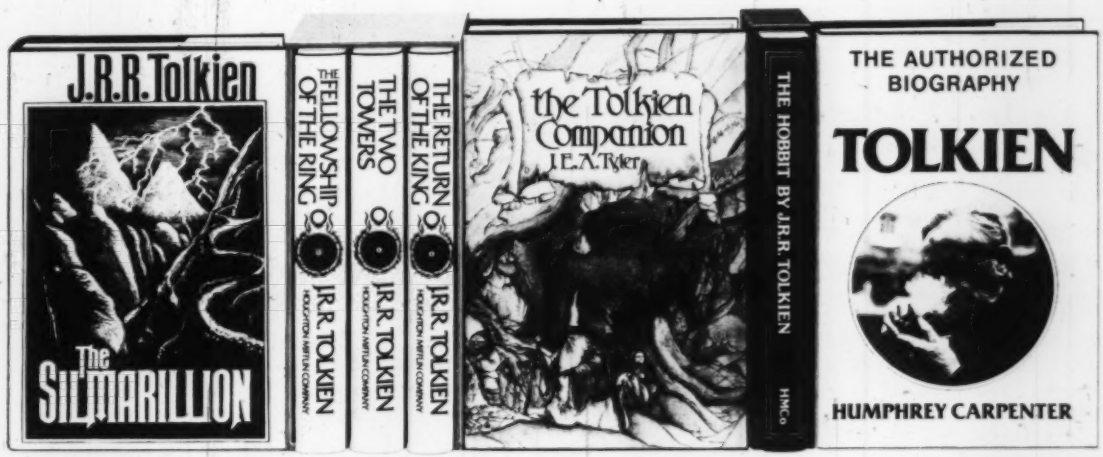

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NewTimes

OCTOBER 2, 1978

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by JUDITH COBURN

30 Anarchy in Memphis

It could have been something out of Lewis Carroll. The firemen in Memphis were on strike, and some of them whiled away their hours setting fires. The police made no arrests—they were also on strike—so more than 100 patrolmen wound up in jail. Then, as 30,000 Elvis fans were arriving in town to celebrate the first anniversary of their hero's death, a drunk security guard at the power station began fiddling with the main switchboard and plunged the city into a midnight blackout. And the mayor, surveying the scene, declared the situation "firmly under control."
by MICHAEL DALY

44 The Boys in the Bullpen

"Maybe it's only the crazies that want to be relief pitchers," says the Mets' Skip Lockwood. Consider the evidence: Al Hrabosky steps on the mound and turns into The Mad Hungarian, Tug McGraw has pizzas delivered to the bullpen during games, and Sparky Lyle drops his drawers and sits on birthday cakes.
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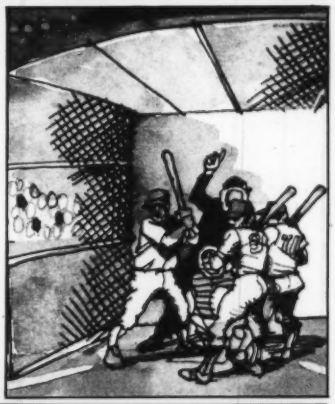

52 Rebel Without a Pause

In the sixties he was Hollywood's most feared guerrilla, karate-chopping his way through screen epics and marriages alike. It has been eight years since Dennis Hopper retreated to his Taos mountain lair, but for the uneasy rider, the movie never ends.
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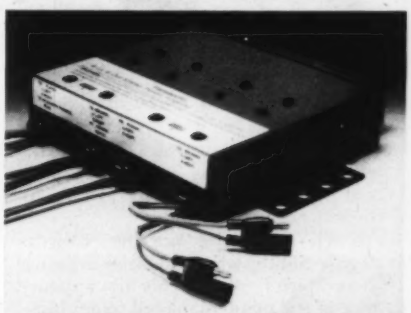

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ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

Bouton's Big Day. *In our June 12 issue, Lawrence Wright described the comeback quest of Jim Bouton, former ace pitcher for the New York Yankees. Bouton left the major leagues in 1970, washed up as a player and scorned by some for writing* Ball Four, *his wry account of life in the big leagues.*

As Wright reported, Bouton, 39, spent this summer with the Atlanta Braves' Double A farm team in Savannah, Georgia, learning the knuckleball and hoping to pitch himself back to the majors. In September the Braves gave him his break: a start against the Los Angeles Dodgers. As we go to press, it looks as though Bouton will also get to pitch against several other big-league clubs before the season ends.

Wright was in Atlanta for Bouton's re-debut on September 10 and filed this report:

Jim Bouton, leaving the hotel for his first major-league start in eight years, turned to his family for one final thought: "Don't worry. It's all been worth it, even if I get clobbered today."

"That's okay, Dad," said his 15-year-old son, Michael. "I *expect* you to get clobbered."

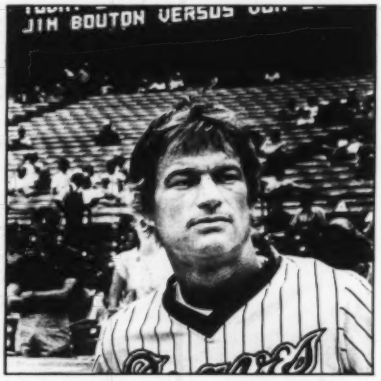
"You do?"

"Sure. Nobody's gonna beat the Dodgers today."

Indeed, the National League champions were in no mood for losing, not to the Atlanta Braves, a last-place team that had whipped them the night before, and especially not to Jim Bouton, whose mere presence in a major-league uniform seemed to outrage the mighty Dodgers. They had come to Atlanta tight-lipped and surly, muttering about the "circus-type atmosphere." For the fans, Bouton's two-year odyssey through the minor leagues was a metaphor of individual achievement, but for the Dodgers it was a "joke," a "gimmick," another of Braves owner Ted Turner's publicity stunts, designed solely to draw people to the ballpark. Most of the Dodgers wouldn't talk about Bouton before the game. "Athletes have a lot of pride," explained Davey Lopes, the Dodger captain.

For the fans it was a different matter. As soon as Bouton stepped onto the field they rose to cheer. Some even shouted quotes from *Ball Four*, the book that in multiple ways turned Jim Bouton from a professional ballplayer into a professional fan. "It's like taking someone out of the stands to pitch," Lopes complained, and the fans ecstatically agreed.

Lopes, the lead-off man, stood to one side and observed Bouton's warm-up knuckles, which seemed ludicrously slow. The radar gun tracked them at 62 m.p.h., about six m.p.h. slower than knuckleballs thrown by the Braves' other 39-year-old pitcher, Phil Niekro.



The Pre-Game Bouton: A lonely Brave

When the umpire called for the game to begin, Lopes stepped in and looked at the first pitch, a called strike that dropped from his belt to his ankles. The crowd roared. After another strike and a ball Lopes finally swung, foolishly. He missed the pitch by a foot and walked back to the dugout in a furious mood, as if he'd been struck out by a girl. Shortstop Bill Russell flied out and Reggie Smith grounded weakly to short. Suddenly Bouton's first inning as an Atlanta Brave was over. He raced to the dugout and, just before stepping in, threw his hands up to the standing crowd.

"Like he was *Rocky* or somethin'," Lopes later snorted.

In the next two innings Bouton struck out Rick Monday and Dodger pitcher Don Sutton, and walked Steve Garvey. Lopes popped up in the third. For a moment the fans forgot the odds. Not only was Bouton going to beat the Dodgers, he was going to throw a no-hitter.

Then came the horrible fourth. Reggie Smith, who had been arguing the umpire's call since his first appearance at the plate, managed to get himself thrown out of the game after disputing a strike call on a 2-0 change-up. By the time Smith was gone and the rumpus subsided, Bouton had lost his concentration. He surrendered a walk and three hits, then a home run to Rick Monday. In his fifth and final inning, Bouton gave up a homer to Davey Lopes, who showed he hadn't forgotten the "Rocky" gesture ; as he rounded third, Lopes stopped his home run trot and walked the rest of the way to the plate.

Altogether, Bouton gave up six runs on six hits. The Atlanta bullpen surrendered ten more hits and five runs, and the Braves lost the game, 11-5. But afterwards the Dodgers were still steaming.

"He didn't show me nuth'n," Lopes said. "He did not belong out there today. If the man could pitch I would say he should. But he can't. And if he's honest with himself, he'll get out of the game."

"But all the clubs are bringing players up from their Double A teams at this point in the season," said one of the writers. "And Bouton had the best record down there."

"I don't give a *shit* what he did in Double A!" Lopes exploded. "I don't care if he threw five fucking no-hitters down there. You can print that. All it was was a fucking gimmick to get somebody in the ballpark."

"Are you upset that you struck out?"

Lopes threw his hands up and walked across the room in a towel and shower thongs. Suddenly he wheeled around in exasperation. "I mean, I don't have anything against Jim Bouton personally, but you guys don't know what it's like to go up against somebody like that. It's *rough*. He doesn't have it any more. I mean—god damn!—why didn't we all go up there and bat left-handed? We could have made a fucking joke out of it."

For his part, Bouton said he was "reasonably satisfied" with today's outing. "After all, the achievement of getting here overshadows today's performance. I mean, if Elvis Presley came back from the grave there would be a sportswriter saying, 'Elvis, coming back from the grave and all—is this some kind of gimmick?' And right behind that guy there'd be another sportswriter saying, 'Elvis, coming back from the grave—that's okay, but what if your next song isn't a hit?' "

The reporters laughed. Bouton has always had a special relationship with the sporting press because he is witty, analytical and self-amused, as they imagine themselves to be; because he was once a sports-caster himself; and because, even more than the average fan, a sportswriter envies the athlete's life and wonders if it could have been his. Bouton's comeback was a sort of answer—an ambiguous sort of answer that tended to confirm what they already believed. Nobody was going to beat the Dodgers today. ●

Photograph by Joe Benton

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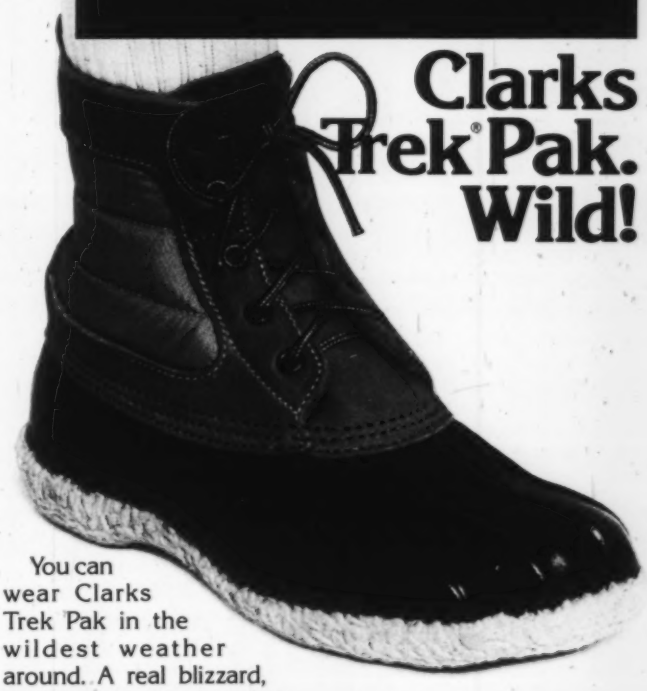

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Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

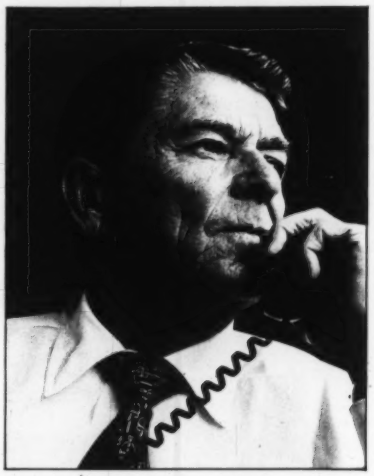
REAGAN'S NEXT HURRAH

"If your base isn't a little pissed off, you're doing something wrong," Richard Nixon once told John Sears, who headed Nixon's 1968 Republican delegate hunt. With his bluntness, his irreverence, and his easy relations with reporters, Sears lasted less than a year in the Nixon White House (as chief political operative) before being purged by John Mitchell. Three years ago, he returned to political center stage as the manager of Ronald Reagan's near-miss challenge to President Ford for the GOP nomination.

Sears has a habit of pissing off Reagan's conservative base—and not just a little. He was the principal architect of the Schweicker-for-Veep strategy that was Reagan's last chance to snatch a narrow victory from the jaws of certain defeat at the 1976 convention. Then, this summer, with Reagan preparing his next hurrah in 1980, Sears had all but persuaded the California conservative that he should soon travel to Peking—that it was the presidential thing to do. But when Sears prematurely announced the trip to a group of Washington journalists, he stirred an instant backlash from the right.

Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's long time aide and now director of Citizens for the Republic, Reagan's political action committee, repudiated the very idea of the trip in a banner headline on the cover of the committee's newsletter. By early September, columnists Jules Witcover and Jack Germond, usually among Washington's most reliable political journalists, were writing that Sears definitely would not run the 1980 Reagan campaign.

The item was wrong. Nofziger had planted it; but before it went to press, Reagan himself had intervened and nipped the assault on Sears. He wanted the squabbling stopped, he told his associates. Today, one of them flatly predicts: "Unless something startling happens, John Sears will be in charge in 1980." (Nofziger, perhaps the most devoted member of Reagan's entourage, has accepted his boss' verdict, at least temporarily—though he had said after the 1976 campaign that he would never work with Sears again.)



RR: Not a caricature this time

More is at stake in all this than the personal rivalry between two political managers. As Sears sees it, the question is whether Reagan, who is very likely to win the Republican nomination in 1980, will also have a reasonable chance to win the general election. As Nofziger sees it, the issue is the integrity of Reagan's conservatism. Nofziger is primarily interested in protecting Reagan's base; Sears is intent on expanding it.

Reagan himself leans toward the Sears strategy, as evidenced by the fact he was willing to visit China; Sears' error was not in having the idea, another Reagan aide explains, but "in announcing it without adequately preparing the conservatives. If you handle it right, you can go to China and still be for Taiwan."

To liberals, the differences within the Reagan ranks may seem to be pirouettes on the head of an ideological pin, but the dominant direction of the campaign at this point can be described, relatively, as a moderate one. Outside the ranks, that moderation is already under challenge from the right. Illinois Congressman Philip Crane, the chairman of the American Conservative Union, declared his presidential candidacy in August. Publicly, he praises Reagan. Privately. he calculates that a candidate to the right of Reagan can seize the GOP's conservative base.

Lyn Nofziger fears that Crane could threaten Reagan, and this summer he urged Reagan to try to persuade Crane to stay out of the race. When the two men met a week before Crane's announcement, Reagan was cold and correct; he did not, however, ask Crane to drop his candidacy. Instead, in effect, he ratified the attitude of his relative moderates; they tend to dismiss Crane's campaign as the creature of reactionary direct-mail millionaire Richard Viguerie, whose 1976 candidate was George Wallace. "Viguerie needs a new candidate," one of the moderates says. "He'll never get Reagan—and he knows it." The moderates insist that Reagan has an intensely loyal personal following among conservatives, one that no right-wing rival could co-opt. "The minute Crane attacks Reagan, his money goes away, his support dries up," a strategist for the Californian confidently explains. The most moderate of Reagan's men figure that Crane will draw off "the nuts" who otherwise would trouble their effort.

But at least one extremist, New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson, remains essential to the Reagan campaign. Thomson is more powerful today, the Reaganites estimate, than he was in 1976, when Reagan lost the first-in-the-nation primary by only 1,317 votes despite the governor's support. Thomson's relentless crusade against virtually any form of taxation and his hardline reaction to the Seabrook nuclear protest have made him a hero to two-thirds of New Hampshire's voters. Reagan, his advisers conclude, needs Thomson, but he will be more difficult to handle in 1980; they think—and hope—that "there are people around Thomson who can keep him under control."

If he can hold off Thomson and his ilk, Reagan will finesse some of the more extreme articles of the conservative faith. In 1976, for example, he came perilously close to a full Goldwater when he suggested that U.S. troops might defend the white regime in Rhodesia; today, according to an adviser, he would prefer to sidestep commitments on Southern Africa—to be content with attacks on Andrew Young's verbal slips rather than risking his own. "The issues of decisive relevance to 1980 are not ideologically divisive," contends David Keene, a key Reagan associate. Keene thinks the country has moved "slightly" but "not far to the right. The issues to win on are inflation and taxes. They're the issues that are moving our way."

And there is one other: Reagan's 1976 polls showed very high public

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ratings of his competence. Before the Camp David summit and the Senate vote on the Administration's natural gas bill, his men were positively yearning to run against Jimmy Carter. "The surprising thing," one of them rejoiced, "is that Carter is so unpopular in the South."

The Reaganites fear Edward Kennedy far more; they worry that of all potential liberal challengers, Kennedy transcends the ideological left. But they console themselves that Kennedy couldn't have the Democratic nomination without fighting for it. "And that bunch of guys in the White House may not know how to run a country," a Reagan aide reflects, "but they sure know how to run a mean campaign. Kennedy could win the nomination, but not much else."

Yet in the end Reagan may be similarly undermined by Philip Crane. And while sniping from Crane might not shake Reagan's conservative base, it could hobble him in a general election race. In a recent interview in Viguerie's *Conservative Digest*, Crane raised the issue of Reagan's age—and not very subtly. Asked what he regarded as the most important attribute of a president, Crane replied "physical strength." He then named another attribute—familiarity with the Congress—that Reagan not so coincidentally lacks.

In his July 26 meeting with Crane, Reagan accurately suggested that "there aren't enough of us to be splitting up conservatives." He also seems to understand that there aren't enough conservatives to elect a president by themselves. "Basically, the way to win is the Sears way," a ranking Reagan adviser concludes.

It is Reagan's way too. For in reality he is a conservative, not a caricature. While he was governor of California, the state's income tax evolved into the most progressive in the nation. This year he has refused to endorse the Briggs Initiative, the anti-gay proposition that will be on the California ballot in November.

Reagan will form his national campaign committee next January and will declare his candidacy by September 1979. He could be president 16 months later. Liberals would seldom like Reagan in the White House. But on occasion, he would also piss off his base mightily—perhaps, for example, by extending diplomatic recognition to the Peking government. His relative moderation reflects a belief that conservatism does not have to be so pure that it becomes a permanent political suicide pact. This time around, Ronald Reagan is the conservative candidate who would rather be president than far right. ●

LETTERS

School Gays, School Gays

Thank you for your article in the September 4 issue. At 46, I'm a well-adjusted male homosexual and furious over the continued injustices to fellow homosexuals. If Proposition 6 prevails, I wonder if the same kind of McCarthyite purge will ensue for our police force, the field of medicine, and all the other professions that have immediate contact and influence on the youth of our society.

Sexual preference is a right I demand as a taxpayer. Simultaneously, as a Roman Catholic, I'm as much against the molesting of youth by homosexuals as I am against dirty old men luring little girls to dusty attics, or incest, or shepherds making it with their flocks.

Wake up Californians—vote no on 6.

Tuck Lawlor
Boston, Massachusetts

After reading Robert Shrum's article on "Gay-baiting in the Classroom," (September 4) I find myself totally infuriated and disgusted.

Should Prop 6 be passed, can you imagine how much would have to be taken out of the classroom and not seen or read? Much of our best literature, music and art is produced by homosexuals, as has been the case throughout the past.

Furthermore, why is it that whenever a homosexual's picture is used in a publication, he appears as a *flaming faggot?* It is about time that the general public realized that the vast majority of homosexuals appear straight and dress or act no differently than the heterosexual male. I do not believe that it is the homosexual act itself that the general public dislikes; it is the stereotype that was pictured in your September issue.

I am a married man, have three children and am also gay. My wife knows of my activities and, while she does not exactly give her blessings, goes along with it because we have an otherwise excellent marriage. I appear totally straight in every way, as do all of my gay friends. Perhaps this is one reason that the public has the wrong impression of gays. (We do not go around looking for little boys or for non-homosexuals to convert.)

People like Anita Bryant and Briggs really do no good. Homosexuality will never be stopped by them or anyone else. So why don't these "do-gooders" just expend their energy where it will accomplish something. Homosexuality will be around till the very last day.

Name withheld

Blight of the Living Dead

Ruth Rosenbaum's article on scientists' efforts to check the aging process (September 4) was intriguing, but I was disturbed by her subjects' utter disregard for the social and moral implications of their research.

In a world of crushing population growth, dwindling food supplies, rampant unemployment—do we dare sup on ambrosia that would allow men to live *400* years? And if such a technology does become available, who would benefit: a select elite or everyman? Would not Stalin, Salazar and Mao still be exercising dictatorial rule but for the great equalizer?

If "death should be an option," as Dr. Bernard Strehler contends, who among us would opt for suicide?

Questions, questions, with nary an answer in sight. What fools these would-be immortals be!

J.D. Lasica
Elmwood Park, New Jersey

Insane Asylum

As I was poring over "The Medium of Record Finally Catches On" (August 7), the question crossed my mind, "What was Norman Lear pouring over the *New York Times*?"

I decided it must have been bile.

Calvin G. Bass
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Great Moments in American Literature

To set the record straight, everyone connected with the *National Lampoon* is scum and swill except me. I wrote all the really funny stuff. They wrote shit. I would like to stick tacks in their necks. And then I'd like to run a chain saw down their spines, and then I'd like to throw garbage at their faces, and then I'd like to rent a truck, fill it full of scrap metal and park in on their kneecaps, and then I'd like to hit them in the lungs with a shovel, throw more garbage at their faces, lop off their fingertips with a grapefruit knife and set fire to their pets.

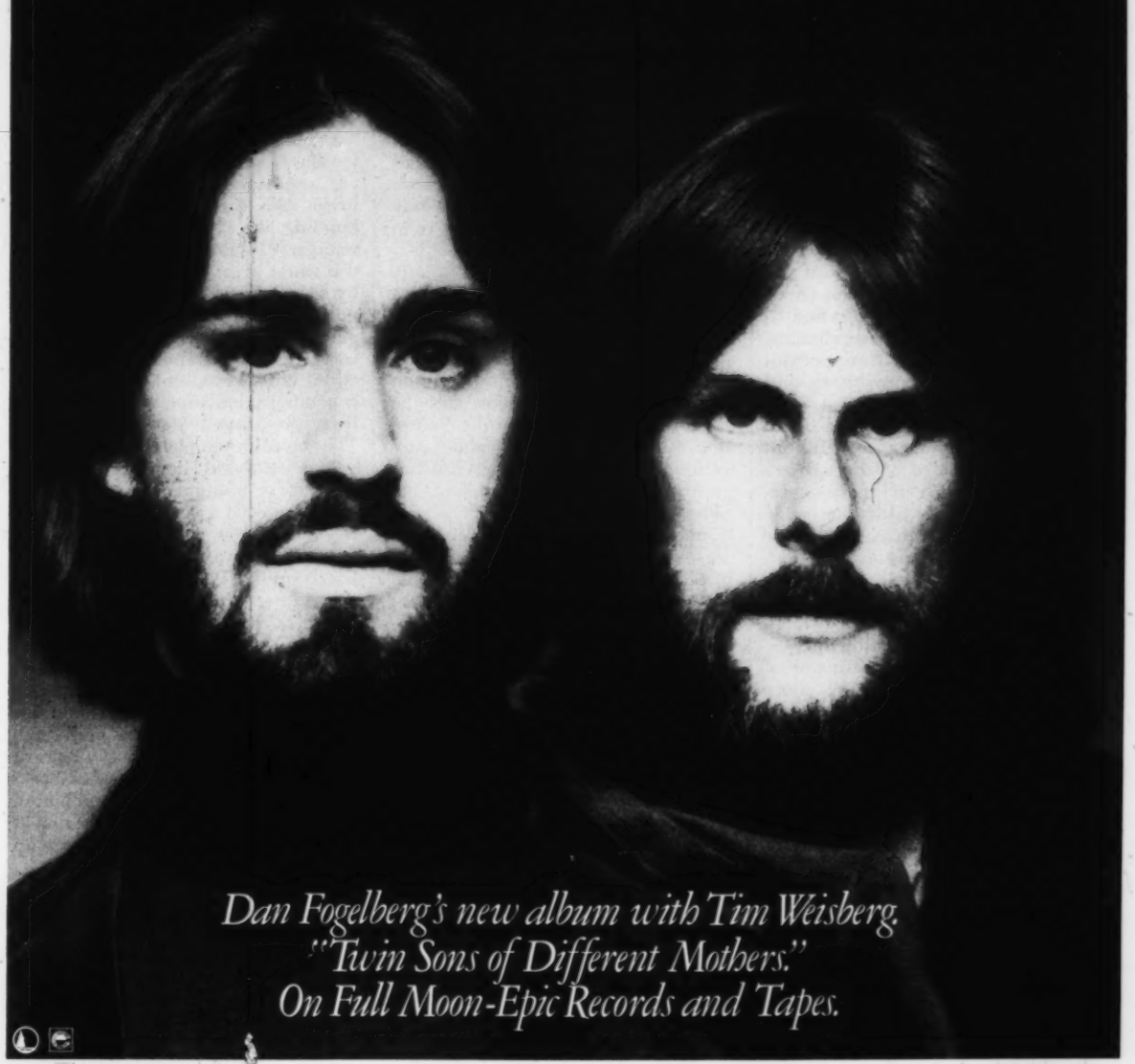
At least that's the way I used to feel until I had a talk with Jesus, if you catch my fucking drift.

Michael O'Donoghue
New York, New York

"Twin Sons of Different Mothers."

"This album constitutes a collaboration, experimental in nature, between Tim and myself. It is an attempt for both of us to move outside our own recognizable boundaries and try new directions—new forms of music which we rarely get to explore on our own. It is a chance to stretch, an opportunity to grow, and a hell of a lot of fun."

Dan Fogelberg



Dan Fogelberg's new album with Tim Weisberg.
"Twin Sons of Different Mothers."
On Full Moon-Epic Records and Tapes.

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Energy/by Carol Polsgrove

POWER TO THE VALLEY

Most of the people in Maysville, Kentucky, paid little attention to the Ohio River energy complex that was growing up around them. But suddenly there was a power plant down river, a nuclear waste dump next door and, up river, another power plant, a limestone mine and a uranium enrichment plant. Since they came one at a time, no one much cared—until the air started clouding and local physicians began warning that smoke was clogging people's lungs.

Currently, the Ohio River is lined with 33 coal-fired plants, capable of producing more than 28,000 megawatts. By 1986, utilities would like to expand the existing plants and add 10 more units, which would boost the valley's productive power by almost 70 percent—30 percent over the electric needs projected by the Edison Electric Institute for the area. But with the power plants in the lower valley (Kentucky, Southern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois) will come the industrialization that has already choked the upper valley (West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Eastern Ohio).

The Ohio Valley appears to be an ideal place for power plants. It contains about one-third of the nation's coal reserves, is rich in limestone deposits and has a river with a navigable pass of 80 feet, which is perfect for moving coal barges. It is not, however, the ideal spot for pollutants, since they cling to the moist river air and build up on the winds that cascade through the valley like a dozer pushing dirt.

The lower region is already one of the unhealthier spots in the country. Last year, by EPA standards, Louisville's air was judged the worst of any city in the Southeast, largely because of automobiles. During the same period, ozone levels in that city surpassed allowable limits for weeks at a time. According to one EPA-funded study, particulate emissions in the river basin are currently 95 percent greater than should be expected for a region with 14 percent of the nation's population.

The costs of the country's shift to coal and nuclear power couldn't be more apparent than they are in the Ohio Valley—especially if you measure the amount of diminished faith the citizens are beginning to have in their ability to control their destinies.

In Madison, Indiana, a group called Save the Valley has led a fight, thus far unsuccessful, against Public Service Indiana's proposed Marble Hill nuclear plant. One hot afternoon, while a hundred or so demonstrators marched downtown from Madison's Riverside Park, Save the Valley leader Bob Gray spoke of his experiences as president of the advisory board of Saluda Township, site of Marble Hill.

"At no time has anyone talked to us," he said. "A thousand acres have been devastated. No one has ever contacted us for our opinion. We asked [the Nuclear Regulatory Commission] to consult with township government. Nobody ever responded. Nobody would even tell us anything. We're in the era of *1984*."

In nearby Kentucky, Mason County Attorney Bernard Hargett went to federal court to try to keep East Kentucky Power from building Spurlock 2, a new 500-megawatt coal-fired unit near Maysville. Along with the Mason County Medical Association and the Maysville chapter of Save the Valley, and with help from the consumer protection division of the state attorney general's office, Hargett took on the EPA, the Kentucky Public Service Commission, and the Rural Electrification Association. The allied anti-plant forces argued that the new unit would further pollute already polluted air. They claimed that East Kentucky Power did not need it.

They lost.

"We'll have a legal bill of $10,000," said Hargett. "We got no financial assistance from anybody and we owe our attorneys in Cincinnati a bunch of money which we'll never be able to pay them." Hargett expects no future help from state and federal bureaucrats charged with regulating power plants. Nor does he expect help from national environmental groups. The issue, he said, is not dramatic enough, the effects are not immediate. "You build these power plants and people are not going to fall over like dominoes."

While it would appear that concern is growing almost as fast as pollution, in reality most of the local residents are still unconvinced of the imminent environmental dangers. Despite the fact that visibility in many stretches of the valley has dropped from ten to six miles in a 20-year period, the change has been gradual enough that most people still pass it off as river haze. More importantly, a majority of people believe that pollution, no matter how harmful, is a necessary price of jobs. Martha Comer, columnist and former editor of the *Maysville Ledger-Independent*, said she had once favored the East Kentucky Power plant because she believed an industrial park would accompany it. "I really believed they were going to get industry into the valley," she said.

Against the equation of industry with the good life, citizens opposing power plants have not had much luck suggesting that clean air, water and productive land—all threatened by power plants—are also important. Some critics are beginning to believe that only one thing will slow the rush to build plants: money.

Fred Hauck, an environmental consultant who runs a crusade against utilities out of his suburban home in Shelbyville, Kentucky, says the companies are overbuilding and will pay the price. "All these systems have been building like H-E-L-L," he said, "not realizing the slowdown in industry in this whole area." He said each company believes it will be able to export power to industrial areas within the region. What the companies do not realize, he said, is that the heavily industrialized north section of the Ohio basin is gaining population at a slower rate than the United States as a whole. "There will be no place to which to export power," said Hauck.

Already the utilities say they're feeling a financial squeeze as a direct result of new power-plant construction. At this year's annual meeting of the East Kentucky Power cooperative, Ronald Rainson, president and general manager, said that construction costs were growing at "a frightening rate." Rainson said the cooperative would be building as many as three plants at a time and would need $4 billion for construction between now and 1982. Unfortunately, East Kentucky Power's rates would have to rise about 20 percent by 1980 just to pay for pollution control equipment on one new unit at Maysville. New construction would drive rates even higher.

When rates rise, however, people notice. "People are really going to raise some hell," said Lexington resident Carol Wright when she heard about a Kentucky Utilities' request for a rate increase to pay for construction.

Finally, the cost that counts may be in dollars. ●

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"I think the President is on the ascent. I think he's got nowhere to go but up."–House Speaker Tip O'Neill predicted Carter's resurrection.

The Insider

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Casino fails to ante up

New Jersey Gambling Commission Weighs Resorts International's Future

New Jersey officials went out of their way to let Resorts International Inc. open the states first gambling casino in Alantic City last May. They amended the brand-new casino control law to allow the company a temporary license until a full corporate investigation is finished.

Resorts is required by law to pay for the investigation, probably costing $1 million, and no one knows what the investigators will conclude. When the state holds hearings on a permanent license, later this year, a host of questions about the operation of the casino will have to be weighed. Resorts has already payed $39,000 in fines —knocked down from $195,000—for 39 illegal accounting procedures and credit transactions during its first five days of business. Allegations of other violations are also being investigated, including one that some employees worked without licenses, and that several of the casino slot machines were paying out less than the 83 percent return to gamblers mandated by law.

UPI

Resorts: Easy come, easy go

Less significant complaints have included the hiring of under-age dancers for stage shows, free rooms and drinks given to two relatives of the late New York crime boss Carlo Gambino, and a failure to provide the "gracious atmosphere" also required by state law. With a bit of arrogance, Resorts has bitterly fought suggestions that it should supply more tables with low betting minimums so that gamblers without much money aren't forced to play for high stakes.

Furthermore, Resorts has objected to paying a bill of about $150,000 a month for state inspectors to patrol the casino in search of violations. "The [Casino Control] Commission's standpoint is that they are doing so much business, they should pay for it," said a state spokesman. Indeed, Resort's winnings for a few days in May and all of June and July were $39.5 million. In August, the company took in an average of $759,208 a day. The only gamblers really winning are those who invested in Resorts International Inc. The price of shares has climbed so high the company is splitting the stock three for one.

—Michael Hoyt

In the bushes

Border Residents Burglarized by Mexican Bandits

Residents along a five-mile stretch of the Mexican border between Naco and Bisbee Junction in southern Arizona are being "invaded" by burglars from Mexico.

During the first five months of 1978, the Cochise County Sheriff's Department investigated an average of nine burglaries per month, an increase of 70 percent over 1977. Libby Welles, a Naco resident, holds the record. She has been "hit" 12 times in less than three years, forcing her to keep a pistol at her bedside.

"The illegal [alien] will hide in the bushes on the Mexican side and survey a home," explained Sheriff Jimmy Judd of Cochise County. "He knows when the people work and when they are home. And he always stays close enough to hit and run. Sometimes they camp out and hit two or three homes at a time."

Organized citizens' groups have joined with the sheriff's office, the border patrol and the Bisbee Police Department to form a constant crime watch. The Bisbee Junction Security Group has sent letters to President Carter and Arizona officials suggesting that a patrol road be built and troops stationed along the border as a show of force.

"We asked the government to do something before there is bloodshed," said one organizer who requested anonymity for fear of reprisal by burglars, "but all we got was a lot of lip service. Basically, we are just prisoners in our own homes." Another group member, a victim of seven burglaries, spent $2,000 to enclose his home with a seven-foot hurricane fence and bought two watch dogs. "And I'd get a lion if I could," he said.

Cochise residents expect increased incidents during the next few months because cooler fall temperatures and the return of thick vegetation after summer rains create ideal conditions for the burglars to watch and wait. "And come October we can look forward to an increase in drug smuggling as well," says Judd's chief deputy, Doug Knipp, "because the eradication program with Mexico [to destroy marijuana and poppy fields] ends then. So our patrols along the border are going to be busier than hell."

—Leo Banks

DENNIS ST. GERMAINE

Arizona border: Easy access

Show and tell

Kentucky Law Makes Abortion More Painful

Marla Pitchford was found not guilty by reason of insanity for performing an abortion on herself with a knitting needle, but her widely reported victory will do little for the thousands of Kentucky women who seek to stop unwanted pregnancies. Just six days before the 22-year-old college student went on trial in Bowling Green, Ky. for violating a state law prohibiting people from performing abortions without a license, the county government, which includes Louisville, passed a law severely restricting the way in which an abortion can be done.

Pitchford: No choice

With three men voting against one woman, the Jefferson County Fiscal Court passed an ordinance which cuts off county funds to any hospital performing non-therapeutic abortions, and forbids all abortions in the county after the first three months of pregnancy. The law also requires that women seeking abortions be given literature—including pictures of unborn fetuses—designed to discourage termination of pregnancy, and mandates that parents of women under 18 be informed.

Two days after the law was passed, the city's largest public hospital closed down its abortion clinic. The hospital, which was dependent on county funds, was one of the few places poor women could get an abortion.

The Jefferson County Fiscal Court apparently learned little from the Pitchford case. Marla Pitchford, afraid and alone in a cheap motel room, plunged the six-inch needle into her uterus, one June night, after she was turned down at a Louisville clinic.

—Bill Bishop

Shots heard around the world

Castro Calls on Carter for Prisoner Exchange

Castro is, for the second time, offering to swap Lawrence Lunt, a CIA man who has been imprisoned in Cuba for the past 13 years, for Lolita Lebron, the advocate of Puerto Rican independence who was involved in the 1954 attack on the House of Representatives. Lunt is in poor health, and Cyrus Vance and Griffin Bell favor discussions with Cuba on the possibility of an exchange.

Townsend Hoopes, a former Defense Department official, has written Brezinski a "Dear Zbig" letter, warning that if the Administration fails to support an agreement, members of Congress will turn to the public, adding, "They would be especially incensed if the U.S. were to exert special efforts to get Shcharansky while leaving Lunt in limbo."

So why no progress? The governor of Puerto Rico, Carlos Romero Barcelo, is a strong proponent of statehood and supported Carter for the Democratic nomination. Barcelo's predecessor, favored Puerto Rico remaining a commonwealth, and supported Sen. Henry Jackson (D.-Wash.).

Romero Barcelo's alleged reason for resisting Lebron's release is the danger of violence—involving her personally or those incited by her advocacy of independence. Lebron, however, specifically disavows violence as a means of attaining Puerto Rican independence. She was the only Puerto Rican involved in the 1954 shooting who did not fire at the House floor (she pointed her pistol toward the ceiling).

Lunt's lawyer, John T. Wainwright, has suggested any one of several conditions for Lebron's release:"...that geographic limitations be placed on her movement and residence... that she be supervised in the same manner as one to whom parole has been granted... that she be placed in the custody of another—such as the U.S. Attorney or Governor of Puerto Rico."

Ironically, "Free Lolita Lebron"is the rallying cry of the nationalist cause, and a provocation of violence. She has been in jail for 24 years. If it weren't for the political ties between the Carter Administration and the Governor of Puerto Rico, Lebron would in all likelihood have been freed. (Last October, the President unconditionally released Andres Figurroa, one of Lebron's co-defendants, for reasons of ill health.) And, as Townsend Hoopes points out, "This may well be the final chance to bring Lawrence Lunt home alive." •

Lebron at 57

Computer unimpressed

Fugitives Extend Amex Credit Line

An escaped convict and a known fugitive, testing American Express' claim to provide "instant recognition and virtually unquestioned credit," allegedly charged over $100,000 in an 11-day spending spree using credit cards forged with the names of the company's two top executives. Leaving a paper trail which spread west from Georgia, the two fugitives apparently racked up a bundle in diamonds and jewelry before being apprehended last month.

Amex Chairman Robinson

American Express, stung by the conspirator's audacity and troubled by indications that the culprits may have been aided by inside help, is investigating the scam with unrestrained vengeance. The multi-national corporation has pressed charges against fugitives Danny Laws and Larry Gantt and is continuing to search for co-conspirators. "If you want a guarantee that our company is going to prosecute you," the two duped executives reportedly said, "then just use the names of the president and the chairman of the board."

Nevertheless, Amex seems undisturbed by the fact that its highly touted computers were swindled by a group of brazen criminals. "We have people who charge over $100,000 in one place at one time," boasted an American Express spokesman."Charges like that hardly ruffle our computers."

—Ray Riegert

The Insider

Special Report

IT'S NEWS TO YOU, BUT SPECIAL INTERESTS ARE BEHIND THE SCENES

What you see and hear on the news may not be news at all, but a privately produced film clip passed off as genuine reporting. It looks and sounds the same, but the message is actually a subtle and highly effective form of advertising, usually sponsored by a corporation or government official (using taxpayers dollars). The deceptive video and audio tapes are broadcast nationwide by TV and radio stations in "exactly the same style," as regular news according to the literature of one PR firm providing such a service.

On August 14, 1978, Texaco, boasting an oil discovery in the Baltimore Canyon, made available for distribution a four-minute audio-visual tape which appeared on all three networks and was excerpted for newscasts by every network affiliate in New York and Philadelphia. Last April, after Volkswagen opened its first American plant in western Pennsylvania, 50-second clips showing the plant's construction and operation were broadcast in most major cities in the country. Mobil's film of a new process for extracting high-octane gas from methane was aired by about 120 stations. And American Motors, eager to publicize its "hinge" buses designed to bend around corners, made sure that viewers coast-to-coast saw the first buses in action.

Sponsors of the clips claim they are a service to stations that could not otherwise obtain footage of hard-to-get-to events and locations such as offshore oil rigs. But the sponsors don't spend $5,000 to $7,000 to produce the tapes for the sake of charity. Inevitably, close-ups of the host company's logo or other identifying symbols appear in the film. Often, more subtle imagery is employed, as in the case of Exxon's clip of their Glomar Pacific exploration ship. A company spokesman jokingly conceded that one part of the footage depicted "happy crew members playing chess."

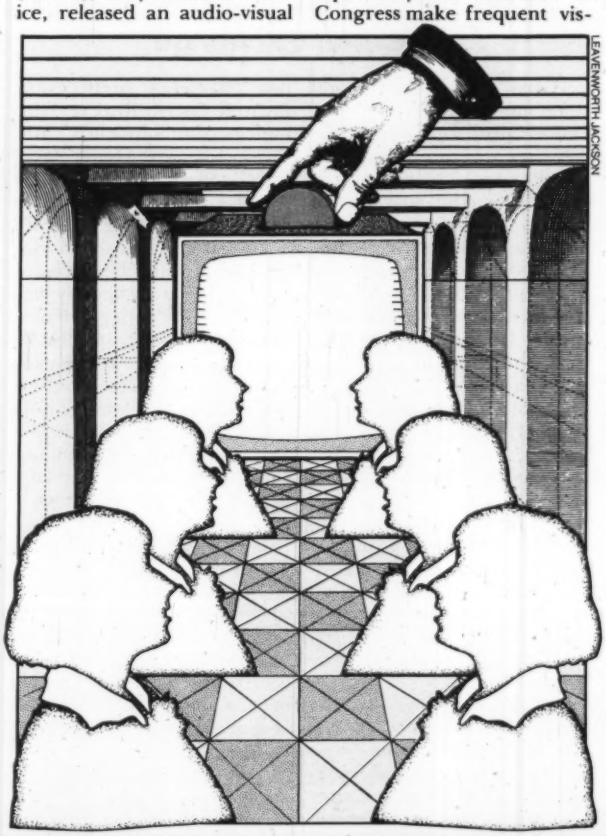
The most direct messages usually involve political issues. A few hours after the FDA announced in March 1977 that it intended to ban saccharin, the Calorie Control Council, a trade organization in Atlanta, distributed audio tapes to over 400 TV and radio stations defending the artificial sweetener's use. The 30-second tapes, produced by the Schechter Division of Hill & Knowlton, the world's largest PR firm, quoted doctors and scientists—carefully selected for their favorable views—extolling the benefits of the sweetener. H&K's taped interviews with shoe factory employees, forced out of work by factory closings, supported the American Footwear Industries Association's effort, last fall, to secure tariffs on shoe imports. When President Carter announced plans for national health insurance, the PR firm distributed a 30-second blurb on behalf of the National Health Insurance Institute arguing in support of a significant role for the private sector in the new program.

H&K's audio tapes are so well received that they are regularly excerpted and used by Associated Press' broadcast division: AP broadcast director Edward DeFontaine justifies use of the tapes by citing his policy of demanding editorial control over the finished product. "If you keep the editorial content free of manipulation," he says, "you're all right."

TV and radio stations, particularly those in smaller markets, often neglect to identify the source of a tape. "If a clip has only a casual mention of a sponsoring company," says a news staffer at WTPA-TV in Harrisburg, Pa., "we don't see any reason to identify it." And the FCC gives them little incentive to do so: It requires identification only in cases where political opinion is overtly expressed, but even then enforcement is lax.

In some cases the identity of a clip's sponsor is concealed from the broadcasters themselves. Last January, for instance, the Independent Television News Association (ITNA), a syndication service, released an audio-visual clip of a New York speech given by the Empress of Iran. ITNA's Reese Schonfeld says he was told that the tape had been sponsored by the Asia Society, a non-profit organization which hosted the speech. In fact, the segment was financed by the Iranian Embassy in Washington. Also, earlier this year, TV stations across the country aired "Dateline 2000," a longer documentary-style film, without any identification at all. Though promoted as a survey of problems facing America through the remainder of this century, the film actually contained promotional footage for its numerous sponsors, including Honeywell, Sun Oil Company and RCA.

The promotional tape game is not played by corporations alone; the government is an equally adept participant. From NASA to the Agency of International Development, federal agencies, intent on selling administrative programs and polishing images, release hundreds of tapes a year. Members of Congress make frequent vis-



LEAVENWORTH JACKSON

its to the House and Senate recording studios where they produce anything from a 30-second audio commentary to a 30-minute panel discussion. Favored by many senators and representatives, about half of whom have made use of the studios, are five-minute interviews in which press secretaries pose rehearsed questions.

Several members of Congress, however, prefer more sophisticated presentations. Rep. Jim Guy Tucker (D.-Ark.) has, since Jan. 1977, produced nine 30-minute audio-visual tapes featuring discussions between himself and Carter Cabinet members. Not only does Tucker pay an average of $600 per program (usually broadcast in their entirety by each of Little Rock's four TV stations), he also spends an additional $150 to excerpt segments for use on the stations' newscasts.

Taxpayers ultimately foot much of the bill for these services since some costs are paid out of the congressional budget. And it isn't cheap; in the six months from October 1977 to March 1978, salaries paid to employees of the Senate recording studio totaled $214,530, paid for with taxpayers' money. As to the effectiveness of the recording, one congressional aide bubbles, "People treat them just like a news blurb from Washington."

To legislators and corporate executives, making the evening news lends credibility to their message and keeps the substantially higher cost of buying commercial air time to a minimum. To the viewer or listener, however, sponsored news usually offers little more than a one-sided and often bloated interpretation of so-called "current affairs."

"With any tape handout, there's always a message in it," says Frank Sciortino, director of the UPI Audio Network, explaining why he refuses to use promotional clips, "Our rule is to go after everything ourselves." Obviously such scruples don't exist elsewhere in the industry.

—Michael Massing

Strange bedfellows

Unions Upset by Immigration Service Interference

Federal immigration officials, sometimes using rough house tactics, are acting as strike breakers throughout the Southwest, according to several top union officials. The unions are trying to organize illegal aliens who now constitute the majority of workers at many of the region's factories and ranches.

Several legal cases have recently been filed against the Immigration and Naturalization Service because of the arrests of scores of union activists in the Los Angeles area. "The INS is anti-union and they're always the tool of the employer," charges Antonio Rodriguez, a Mexican-American attorney defending several arrested aliens. "It's a good way to break the back of the union."

Several workers at a raid, earlier this year, of the Sbicca of California shoe factory in El Monte, California, have claimed INS agents abused them, pushing them around and interrogating them without informing them of their rights. Rodriguez accuses the INS of acting as "political police against people of Mexican descent and the undocumented. They are like the Gestapo."

WIDE WORLD

Immigration officer busts aliens

Another major suit against the INS for alleged interference with union members has been filed by the ILGWU. Mario Vasquez, an organizer at the ILGWU's L.A. office, believes there is a pattern developing in which employers regularly call in INS agents to ward off attempts to organize by undocumented workers. "First they try to destroy us during the election, then they come and try to break up the union," Vasquez charged. "I know there's covert work going on together between the employers and the INS."

Bob Seitz, a spokesman for the embattled INS, claims the service takes "no part" in labor disputes and is innocent of all charges of being a union buster. Seitz, however, admits that they come in on a raid "almost every time" the employers request them too. Seitz also denies the numerous complaints of physical abuse by INS agents, stipulated in the several court challenges to the service's actions. "Any person who's arrested feels he's mistreated," Seitz hypothesizes. "It's just human nature."

—Joel Kotkin

Court Order Food

Judges Denies AIM Leader's Right to Hunger Strike

A South Dakota court recently ordered American Indian Movement leader Russell Means to end a 35-day hunger strike he began July 27. The fast, according to his brother, Ted Means, was "a sacrifice to gain his release and to transfer his strength to his people." Judge Wayne Christensen was not sympathetic. He ordered Means to submit to intravenous feeding and complete a four-year prison sentence for rioting to obstruct justice, a conviction under a statute which has since been repealed by the state legislature.

Means, the only prisoner in South Dakota now serving time on such a charge, took part in a Sioux Falls courtroom fight in 1974. A fracas broke out after 12 spectators, during the trial of four Indians accused of rioting, refused to stand as the judge entered the courtroom. Thirty police, equipped with riot gear, were called in to clear the room.

SIPA PRESS/BLACK STAR

Means: Fading fast

"They claimed they were merely going to push the spectators out the back door, but they had their 36-inch batons at 'port arms' position," said Means' laywer, Sidney Strange. "They would have had to put their sticks down to carry anybody out, so they obviously didn't intend to do that. What they did do is attack defendant David Hill and beat him bloody." Final injury count: seven Indians, three police.

Unconvinced of the impartiality of Sioux Falls jury candidates, Means waived his right to a jury in the subsequent trial. One year after he was sentenced, the legislature rewrote the riot statutes, but the state court upheld Means' sentence. A federal appeal is pending. Meanwhile, says Ted Means, "leadership is still coming from our spokesmen and Russ' role hasn't changed just because he's locked up." *—Patricia Ohmans*

Westward ho!

Small Farmers Fight Land Grabbing by Foreign Investors

They're not quite ready to don black pajamas and pick up guns, but California's small farmers are fighting mad over what they charge is an imperial invasion by a new multi-national power—the foreign investor.

Over the past two years, foreign interests have gobbled up thousands of acres of choice agricultural land in the golden state's lush central valley, a situation the farmers claim is sending real estate prices skyrocketing, and driving them out of the market. "For new farmers, it's almost impossible to compete with them," complains John Welty, legislative representative for the California State Grange, an association of small farmers.

DAVE PATRICK

Small farmer in cabbage patch

The farmers have responded by backing a proposed state constitutional amendment aimed at banning non-resident alien ownership of California farmland. However, the state's potent real estate interests and corporate land barons firmly oppose placing any strictures on the foreign speculators.

The feud in California's fields is part of a larger national dispute. Spurred on by the decline of the American dollar and steep farm prices in Europe, foreign investors have recently bought up an estimated billion dollars worth of argricultural land nationwide. Several Midwestern states have already responded with legislative restrictions on the activities of the alien interests.

It is estimated that as much as 40 percent of all farmland sales in California last year went to foreign buyers. In the state's fertile San Joaquin Valley, one county assessor reports, the European investors have purchased nearly 18,000 acres in 11 separate deals over the last two years alone, paying in excess of $30,000,000.

Despite their growing plight, California farmers face stiff opposition in getting any legislative relief. When Assemblyman Richard Lehman (D.-Fresno) introduced a bill earlier this year to ban foreign purchases of land, it quickly ran afoul of state real estate and agri-business interests who view the foreigners as a way to sell off their excess land at inflated prices. The big growers enlisted the aid of Assemblyman Ken Maddy (R.-Fresno), who was bankrolled heavily by agri-business interests in his unsuccessful gubernatorial attempt last spring, and the legislative initiative was defeated.

The beleaguered small farmers can expect a continued battle with California's huge agricultural combine. "The party line is we don't believe in tariffs or anything that restricts trade," an official with one large California farming concern explains. "Big people are always into buying and selling land and they want as free a hand as they can get away with. The position of this ranch is to go for it." —*Paul Grabowicz and Joel Kotkin*

It's in the icing

Names Change but Tokenism Never Does

Proctor & Gamble is making an all-out effort to eliminate sexist language from company reports and job titles. The firm is focusing its attention on a cake plant being built near Jackson, Tenn. There, "manpower curves" have become "effort curves," "man-hours" are now "effort hours" and "he"—"he/she."

Craftsmen became artisans but that term left the plant's building contractor speechless. Now they're crafters. Other terms have been harder to replace: Foremen are now called first-line supervisors, but they've yet to come up with a suitable replacement for journeyman.

As could be expected, the new terminology is not being taken too seriously by the people actually building the plant. And why should it be? Of the 340 wage earners at the cake factory, only five are women. —*Bill Bishop*

Perversity prevails

Rep. Richmond Overcomes Sex Scandal to Win Re-election

Last spring, Representative Fred Richmond (D.-N.Y.) caught his Brooklyn constituents by surprise when he disclosed an April arrest for soliciting a young male undercover cop for purposes of prostitution. It seems the police got involved when the parents of a 16-year-old black youth complained that Richmond, who had paid the boy $30 to procure other young men, was harassing their son. Richmond went public, heading off columnist Jack Anderson's plan to expose him.

Charges against the wealthy two-term congressman were ultimately dismissed under Washington's first-offender treatment program. But it looked as if the incident could bring down the curtain on Richmond's political career. Church-based groups, such as Mothers Against Depravity (MAD), began springing up around the district, calling for Richmond to resign, and former New York Deputy School Chancellor Bernard Gifford decided to challenge the weakened incumbent in the Democratic primary.

Richmond's plea for "compassion and understanding" brought support from other quarters, however, with politicians ranging from New York Mayor Ed Koch to Vice President Walter Mondale coming to his aid.

Finally, Gifford's campaign against Richmond, waged with overtones insinuating homosexuality and pedophilia, evoked more than enough sympathy to turn the tide. Richmond breezed to victory in the September 12 primary, amassing about 60 percent of the vote—a win that is tantamount to re-election in the overwhelmingly Democratic area.

The moral, concluded one local observer: "The post-post-Watergate morality is upon us."—*Dorothy J. Samuels*

Who's Next?

Rumors that drummer Keith Moon was still alive were being fueled last week by the cryptic message on the cover of The Who's latest album.

DRAMBUIE
THE ISLE OF SKYE LIQUEUR
Prince Charles Edward Liqueur
DRAMBUIE
A LINK WITH THE
Evenings that memories are made of
so often include Drambuie.

Women Take The *New York Times* To Court

The proudest and probably best newspaper in America must answer charges that it cheats its women employees. It could be "the single worst moment in the history of this newspaper"

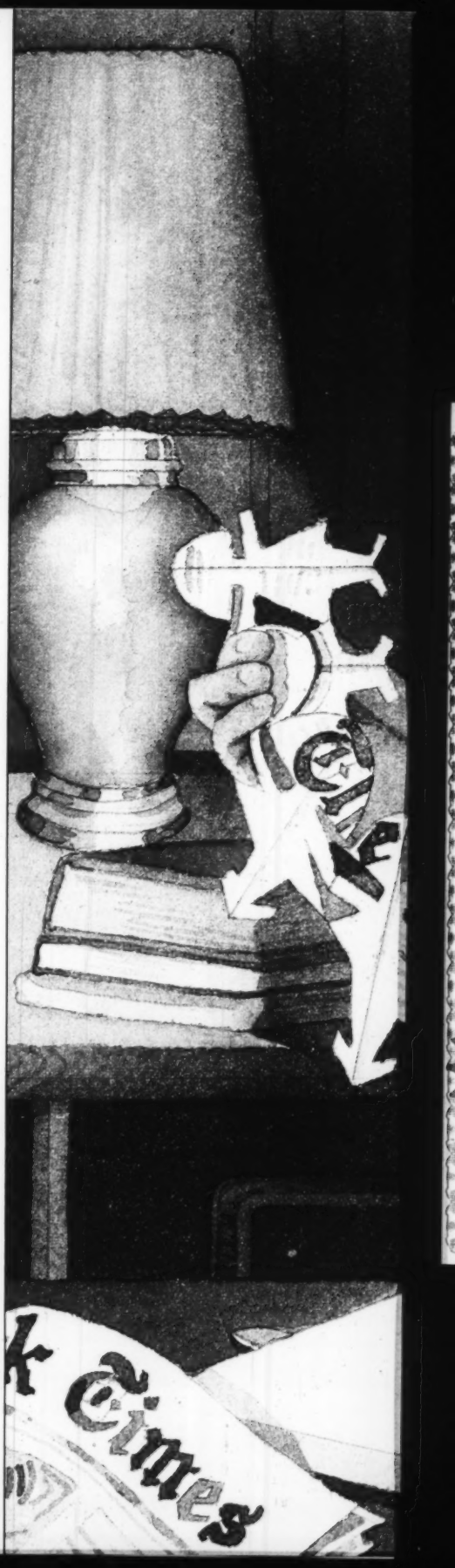
by Judith Coburn

Not long ago two top editors, both male, of the Sunday *New York Times Book Review*, had occasion to discuss a newly hired female editor at the times. A: Did you see G. when Abe (executive editor A.M. Rosenthal) passed her that cake at lunch? You could almost see her nipples pucker. B: Yeah. These broads' nipples always pucker for power.

Make no mistake about it. There is a war going on at the *New York Times*—a battle of the sexes. Until now it has been a quiet, almost confidential war of legal deposition and statistical survey. But on September 18, the fighting, with all the potential ugliness suggested by the dialogue between the two *Times'* editors, will become public for all to see. That day, the management of the *New York Times*, will appear in the courtroom of federal judge Henry F. Werker to defend itself against charges of systematic sex discrimination brought by its own female employees.

The stakes for both sides are enormous. After all, the *Times* prides itself as an impartial, if Olympian voice of fairness for all people, regardless of race, religion, or sex. The plaintiffs' charge strikes at the very heart of that image of fairness. For their part, the women undoubtedly are risking their careers (at the *Times*, at least) in their attack on what they consider grievous injustices. And then of course there is the question of money—a potentially vast sum which the *Times* may have to pay in reparations.

But for the *Times*, the question of money may well pale against the threat the trial poses to its most valued asset—its reputation. As an institution, the *Times* is enormously secretive; those familiar with its corporate ways compare it to the Nixon administration, or even the papacy in its resentment of public scrutiny. No wonder *Times* executives are worried these days; the proceedings will lay bare company files and compel testimony from its top executives. While it explores the paramount question of whether or not the *Times* has discriminated against women, the case will also display how the *Times* really works on a day-to-day basis. The trial comes at a time when the newspaper is embroiled in a bitter and costly strike and in another court battle over the First Amendment rights of reporter M.A. Farber. The sex suit is potentially the most damaging of all three problems. "If this case goes to trial," says one *Times* staffer who has seen some of the explosive case material still under seal, "I predict ten or twelve people will leave the *Times*. What will come out in the trial will ruin them." Charlotte Curtis, who as editor of the Op-Ed page is one of the top ranking women at the *Times* , is one of the few *Times* executives willing to talk about the case. She says, "the women's charges against the paper are generally true. There have been changes since the suit was filed, but whether parity has been reached is another question. I eagerly await the trial to find out." One top *Times* man, who has rallied to the women's cause, calls the trial "nothing less than the single worst moment in the



Rosenthal and His Dolls: He's behind the no-settlement policy

Illustration by Gloria Singer

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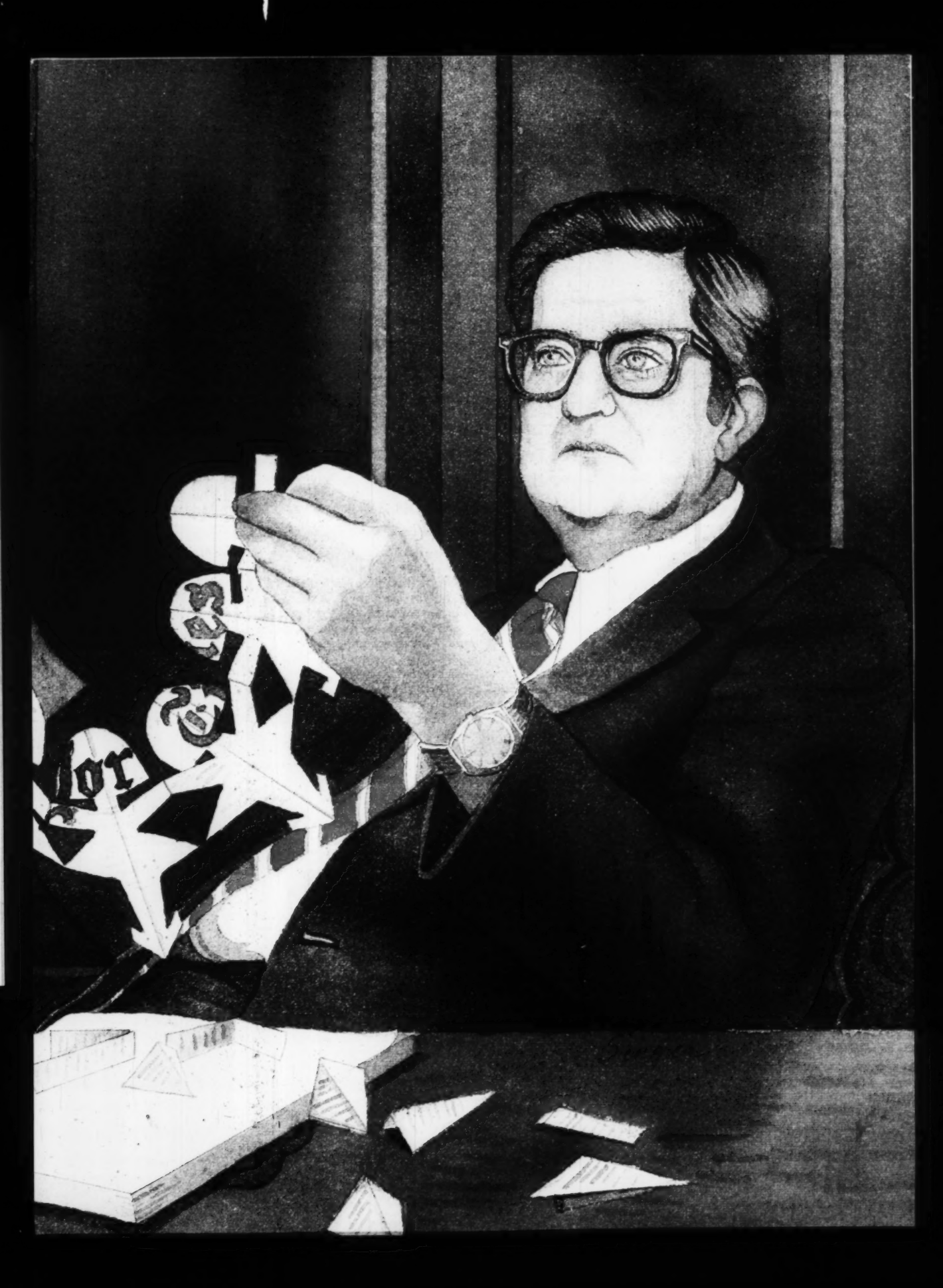

history of this newspaper."

Barring an eleventh-hour corporate about-face (which both sides deem highly unlikely), the case will represent the first affirmative action suit against a major media institution that has not been settled out of court. Over a dozen magazines, newspapers, television and radio stations—including *Newsweek*, NBC and even the recalcitrant *Reader's Digest*—have already reached pretrial settlements with their female employees by agreeing to pay millions of dollars in damages and to establish affirmative action plans. The *Times* trial will be the final set-piece battle in a six-year struggle. After years of campaigning, a historic meeting in 1972 between the newspaper's women's caucus and publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, memos from the publisher to his executives about women's equality, a new affirmative action plan by management, about a hundred complaints filed with New York City's Commission on Human Rights and the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the women at the *Times* got tired of waiting. In 1974, they sued the newspaper for sex discrimination, charging among other things that the *Times*: segregates jobs, gives men work entailing greater responsibility, pay, recognition, and prospects for promotion, pays men more for the same work than women with equal qualifications and seniority, hires men at higher salaries and expectations of promotion, pays women fewer merit raises than men, and gives prestigious assignments on the basis of sex. In 1977 Judge Werker ruled the suit a class action case, including all women at the *Times* covered by the New York Newspaper Guild contract. Their suit makes a series of demands, including: an injunction forcing the *Times* to establish specific goals for the advancement of women, equal pay and benefits for equal work and back pay lost because of discrimination dating back to 1970.

The *Times* adamantly denies all the charges, and insists that management has gone out of its way to treat women fairly. Last November, as pressure mounted on the newspaper, management took to the *Times'* own editorial pages to shore up its image. An editorial called "The Complaints of White Men" noted that "as the lists of our company officers testify each day on this page, we are an institution run mostly by white men. As in most other institutions, women and non-whites came later than white men into the hierarchies from which our managers have been chosen. Recognizing the inadequacy of the result, and faced with the social and legal pressures that we ourselves helped to generate, we have undertaken corrective measures, affirmative action, to expand opportunity in our company."

But such measured tones, in true *Times* style, mask the ferocity of the struggle and the tenacity of the opposing sides. Both sides feature characters equal to the larger-than-lifesize issues involved. Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, the third-generation heir of the *Times* kingdom, is a man of sunny disposition if uncertain leadership ability. Some have called him unsuited to wield the enormous power he possesses.

While it explores the paramount question of whether or not the *Times* has discriminated against women, the trial will also display how the *Times* works on a day-to-day basis

"Punch," as he's known to family and friends, plays the innocent in the conflict, seemingly puzzled by the women's original charges and mystified by their persistence. The son of the indefatigable Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, and the only boy among three sisters, Sulzberger sometimes seems uncomfortable around women. Some time ago, Eleanor Smeal of the National Organization for Women and Congresswoman Martha Griffiths were invited to talk about ERA at a *Times* luncheon. Usually there are no more than one or two women at these ceremonial occasions, but that day near parity was reached. "We're surrounded," joked Sulzberger, scanning the room nervously.

Executive editor Rosenthal, the brilliant Pulitzer Prize winning reporter and restless, exacting editor responsible for everything the *Times* sees fit to print is cast as the heavy on management's side. The homely Rosenthal, who is said to cultivate the image of a skirt chaser, once reportedly told a female *Times* employee that he relishes calling a certain beautiful reporter into his office so he can fantasize undressing her. Rosenthal, who has spent his entire working life at the *Times*, feels criticism of the paper as a bruise to his own skin. He brooks no dissent from anyone, regardless of sex, race or religion. As the newsroom wits put it, "Rosenthal doesn't take prisoners." In court the *Times* will field a team of lawyers led by their smooth and cautious executive vice-president James Goodale, and First Amendment troubleshooter Floyd Abrams, from the respected New York firm of Cahill Gordon & Reindel—the firm which successfully represented the *Times* in the Pentagon Papers case.

On the women's side are numbers—seven plaintiffs listed on the court papers and their supporters, almost all of the hundreds of women who work at the *Times*, and their male backers, including a few stars like columnist John Leonard. Some illustrious names will be called as witnesses for the offense. Eileen Shanahan, who is currently Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) left a 14-year career as one of the *Times* top Washington reporters in a fury because of what she considers sex discrimination. Betsy Wade was the first woman to penetrate the men's club on the *Times* copy desk and is a feisty veteran of 22 years of feminist and union fights at the paper. Wade is widely recognized by men and women at the *Times* as one of the paper's best editors. Marylin Bender, as editor of the *Times* Sunday financial section, came closer than most women to the inner circle. But Bender left for greater opportunity elsewhere. Representing the women is the formidable duo of Harriet Rabb from Columbia University's Employment Rights Project, and Howard Rubin, who recently left the Project for a New York law firm. A string of victories in affirmative action cases including those at *Newsweek* and *Reader's Digest* has earned Rabb and Rubin, both in their 30s, a reputation as the top sex discrimination lawyers in the country. During the *Newsweek* suit, Rabb so impressed Joseph Califano, who was handling negotiations for management, that he offered her a job when he took over as secretary of HEW.

The trial, which like most complex civil matters, may last several months, will provide much more than the spectacle of top *Times* executives and members of the Sulzberger family under cross-examination. Pretrial discovery has already turned up a plethora of executive memos which may come back to haunt their authors if they are called to the witness stand. Sample: a 1967 memo from Dan Schwarz, a former *Times* Sunday editor to a colleague who had recommended a young woman for a job: "We'll take your word on Pamela ____, of course, what does she look like? Twiggy? Lynn Redgrave? Perhaps you ought to send over her vital statistics, or picture in a bikini?"

Such adolescent musings suggest at the very least the atmosphere in which personnel decisions have been made over the years at the *Times*. Indeed, the atmosphere of the office—stories of the personal relationships among staffers, eccentric behavior, and even previously confidential personal files—may well play an important part in the trial. Sources close to the case suggest that some testimony may involve scandals which, if not recorded in black and

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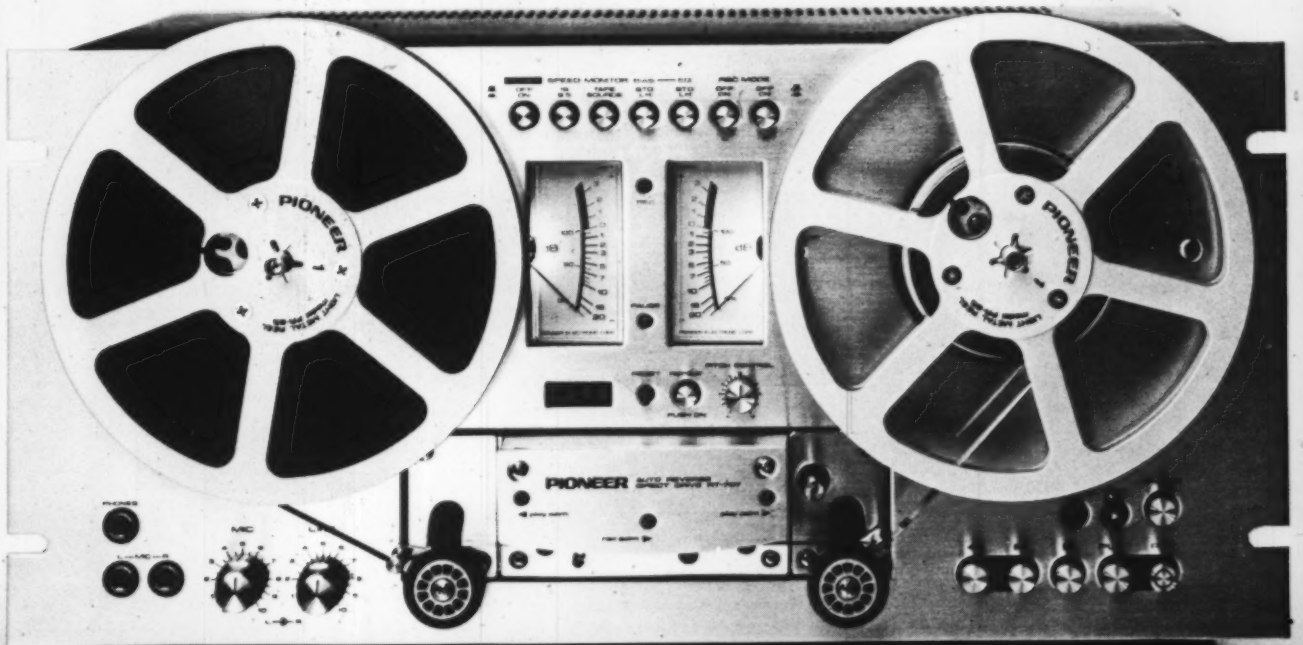

THE RT 707

white are certainly part of the ongoing oral history of the newspaper. Witnesses may be asked who slept with whom, which editors and reporters have drinking problems and which veteran staffers are still at the paper, thanks to the Newspaper Guild, even though in the private estimation of their bosses they haven't written a word worth publishing in ten years.

Times women argue that this seemingly sensational material is in fact germane to their case. They point out that proving sex discrimination can be a difficult task. After all, bosses rarely tell a woman that she is underpaid or has been passed over for a promotion simply because she is a woman. A male editor may or may not even be aware that such is the case. Instead, he may be influenced by a vague prejudice, never fully articulated, that the woman simply does not have that elusive quality known as "star potential." From that perspective, the personnel files and office scuttlebutt may well prove a pattern of male cronyism and mutual protectiveness that is central to proving the women's case.

The history of the suit is studded with acrimonious collisions. One summer day six years ago "Punch" Sulzberger met for the first time with the women's caucus in the 14th floor executive conference room. The informal, cheerful Sulzberger opened the unprecedented meeting by promising to listen and do right. But then editor Betsy Wade began with a recitation of statistics about wage discrepancies between men and women at the *Times*. Sulzberger looked stunned and broke in to query Wade about what she was talking about. Reading from voluminous notes, she quickly replied that men make an average of $59 a week more than the women. Sulzberger's look of consternation may have been the result of some rapid mental arithmetic on his part. In a year, $59 a week means $3,068. And there are some 600 female employees. And Wade was just quoting averages. That would mean millions.

While this discussion was in progress Eileen Shanahan and Nan Robertson, another star reporter from the Washington bureau, burst into the room. Sulzberger's face fell. Their arrival, all the way from Washington, for what he considered a simple meeting, meant that things were serious indeed. After Wade went on to analyze how the salaries affect life insurance and pension credits, other women listed specific instances of discrimination in various departments of the paper. Sulzberger seemed particularly struck by the fact that there were no women photographers on the paper; one was quickly thereafter hired. There is considerable question, though, whether after all these years of struggle, the publishers' consciousness has been raised. In the course of a deposition in the women's suit, attorney Harriet Rabb asked Sulzberger for the names of the first-rate women reporters at the *Times*. According to Rabb, the publisher could name only two—Nan Robertson and Paris bureau chief Flora Lewis. What about Judy Klemesrud? Rabb prodded. Judy Klemesrud? Sulzberger said slowly, of Family/Style's bright and prolific writer, who's Judy Klemesrud?

Sulzberger is a man of sunny disposition if uncertain leadership ability. Some call him unsuited to wield the enormous power he possesses

After the women's report at the 1972 meeting, the *Times* had its say. Sunday editor Dan Schwarz defended his sections and ticked off on his fingers a long list of women he had hired. The women who were present at the meeting hooted and jeered. One of them pointed out that every woman cited by Schwarz was a secretary—and that no woman had been hired to do anything else in the Sunday sections for the previous ten years. Schwarz, the author of the bikini memo, has gained a reputation as something of an arch-chauvinist around the paper. For three years he refused to allow then *Book Review* editor John Leonard to hire a single female editor. In one heated confrontation Leonard demanded to know why. Schwarz, according to sources, said he was opposed to women because they cry too much. "Well, men commit suicide," Leonard retorted, referring to three Sunday department male employees who had taken their own lives. It was only when the more open-minded Max Frankel, who had starred as a *Times* correspondent in Vienna, Belgrade, Moscow and Washington, took over as Sunday editor that Leonard was allowed to hire the talented and resourceful Eden Lipson as an editor.

It is no small act of rebellion to take on the *New York Times*, the newspaper with the reputation, especially among the men who run it, even among the women who are suing it, of being the greatest newspaper in the world. Whether or not it actually is, if you are a reporter or an editor there, and you are a communicant of that faith, there is nowhere to go if you are excommunicated. This faith binds many—men as well as women—to the *Times* long after they have been passed over for promotion in favor of a boss' crony or exiled to "obits" because of a messy affair with an editor's best friend. Some argue that women on the *Times* have no monopoly on oppression. Blacks, gays, and many men feel badly used at the high-pressured *Times*. As newsroom gallows humor has it, "the *Times* is an equal opportunity oppressor."

Given these intimidating stakes, the women at the *Times* are in a surprisingly feisty mood. Feeling is running high enough to sustain women's caucus meetings and a newsletter. Partisans can now be seen carrying a white canvas tote bag emblazoned on one side with the docket number, judge's name and the date the case was certified as a class action and on the other side with the same record for another suit being brought against the *Times* by minority employees.

If there are heroines in the case for the *Times'* women, especially in the news department, they are stars like Shanahan and Wade. In taking such an active part in the suit they have bolstered the morale of their less prestigious colleagues. Their testimony in the trial promises to be both sensational and intriguing. For quite apart from the information and the passion they will provide, their stories seem to epitomize the controversies in the case.

Thus far Shanahan has been the more outspoken of the two. One reason undoubtedly is that she is no longer on the staff of the paper and thus can speak without fear of reprisal. In any case, she is a dauntless woman. After decades of pioneering in Washington's male club of politicians and journalists, her feminism is second nature. Her experiences have also turned her into what in a James Cagney movie about the newspaper business would be called a "tough cookie." Her bluntness has earned her the admiration of many rank-and-file people at the *Times* just as it has also mightily irritated some of the top executives at the *Times*.

Eileen Shanahan is mad as hell and is doing something about it. She is telling anyone who is interested about exactly what it's like to feel 14 years of discrimination at the newspaper you love. She received less than a royal welcome back in 1962, she remembers now. In spite of her extensive experience as a reporter for United Press, Walter Cronkite's news operation and the respected business newspaper, *The Journal of Commerce*, *Times* bureau chief James "Scotty" Reston seemed to agonize forever over hiring her. Shanahan was to be the first female *Times* reporter (or as she prefers to put it, "reporter who happens to be a woman") to cover anything in Washington other than the First Lady. Reston made it clear that he was check-

ing around to see if she was a troublemaker. Eventually she received his imprimatur and was dispatched to New York to be ratified by the brass. Assistant managing editor Clifton Daniel asked Shanahan what her ultimate ambition in life was. "To be a reporter for the *New York Times*—it's the greatest newspaper in the world," she recalls saying. Daniel, according to Shanahan, looked satisfied and told her he was glad she didn't want to be an editor because no woman would ever be an editor at the *New York Times*. Shanahan also remembers, with a bitter laugh, the time soon after she was hired when Punch Sulzberger, who had just become publisher, came down from New York to review the troops. Reston had set up a lunch for him to meet the entire bureau—except, that is, for reporters Shanahan, Nan Robertson and Maggie Hunter, the women in the bureau.

In spite of it all, Eileen Shanahan became a star to many of her colleagues at the paper and in the Washington press corps. More than one strong man at the *Washington Post* and the *Wall Street Journal* seemed to pale upon discovering they were up against Shanahan on a tax story. She was known for being able to explain in simple terms how politics, economics and the workings of the federal bureaucracy intertwine. Shanahan was one of the few reporters, for example, who understood that Lyndon Johnson's battle in Congress for a surtax to finance the Vietnam War was as important as the demonstrators massing outside the White House gates. She has a drawer full of "bravos" from four Washington bureau chiefs and countless news executives in New York. She has also won 15 "herograms," awarded by the *Times*' publisher every month for outstanding stories, more than anyone in the Washington bureau except Ed Dale, Johnny Apple, and Ed Kenworthy.

But, by 1976, Shanahan was to discover she was 12th in seniority in a bureau of 32, but she was only 19th on the salary scale and making almost $3,000 a year less on the average than male reporters in the bureau. Shanahan made $33,583.68 that year, $12,334 less than Johnny Apple and $11,426 less than Charlie Mohr, the two highest paid men in the bureau, both of whom had fewer years of experience before coming to the *Times* than Shanahan.

James Goodale, who is the main spokesman on the suit for *Times* management, will say only that Shanahan was paid in a manner commensurate with her talents and that no discrimination was involved. Off the record, one top *Times* man argues that superstars like Apple and Mohr will always be paid more than reporters like Shanahan and that above a certain level such editorial judgments are necessarily subjective. In his deposition in the suit, Rosenthal reportedly says that Shanahan was not paid more because her talents were too narrow. In rebuttal, Shanahan argues that she wrote about everything from Ronald Reagan's tax dodging to the federal budget, the women's liberation movement and the Federal Communications Commission. "Narrow!" she fumes. "The *Times* would never give me anything but the number two economic policy job—backup to Ed Dale. If I was narrow, which I categorically deny, it was because of the restrictions *they* put on *me*."

In 1976, when she heard that Edwin Dale, the *Times*' chief economic correspondent was leaving the paper, Shanahan made it clear she thought she deserved to replace him. She proposed that the economic policy beat she and Dale had shared be reorganized on a new cluster system with a group of reporters working under the supervision of a reporter/editor. Shanahan thought she was a natural choice for that post. For years she had coordinated, edited and helped write the *Times* package coverage of the federal budget. But she learned that the *Times* had already decided to bring Clyde Farnsworth back from Paris to replace Dale. To Shanahan, it was one slight too many, and she decided to quit. At an informal farewell party for her in the bureau late one afternoon euphemisms like "not leaving under the best of cir-

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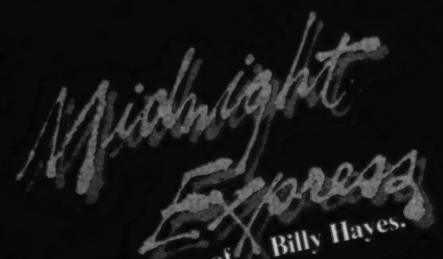

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cumstances" were thrown around. But Shanahan, typically, cut through them with a blunt indictment of what she called the *Times*' sexism and insensitivity to women.

Much of the trial will concern the specific experiences at the *Times* of the seven individuals whose names are on the suit. But those seven represent all the women at the *Times*. The central question of the case is whether or not there has been, as the women assert, a general pattern and practice of sex discrimination.

The *Times* dismisses this charge out of hand. Joel Balsam of Cahill Gordon & Reindel argues in an affidavit that "this is a case where . . . highly paid women, who have been well treated by the *Times*, now assert, for some reason undeterminable from their papers herein that they have suffered discrimination because of their sex. But their claims. . . are totally devoid of substance and rationality."

"It's like they believe that once you make over $17,000 a year you give up your constitutional rights," retorts Harriet Rabb. Judge Werker himself, in one pretrial hearing, showed evidence of what might well be a double standard. When it was revealed that Betsy Wade makes $36,473 a year, the judge reportedly commented that Rabb and Rubin should find themselves a "victim." But Wade, who charges that the *Times* over a 20-year period has promoted 14 men to assistant editor who were no more qualified than she is, says, in a deposition that scorches off the page, "I make the amount of money I make . . . because I am one of the best editors the *Times* has and because after all, if I couldn't have the job, they thought that maybe if they gave me the money I would shut up."

At least one *Times* executive has admitted sex was a factor in holding back Wade. Managing editor Seymour Topping reportedly told a newly hired *Times* editor of Wade, "she's a really great newspaperwoman. If she weren't a woman, she would be in the bullpen [the central news editor's desk] already." The women who have read Joel Balsam's deposition questions mock how often he points out that a job a woman wanted was filled by a black, or, in one case, "a handicapped person." "It's like they've got the women, the minorities, the crippled, the halt and the blind in one group over here, and the white men over there, and when they feel guilty or pressured they reach down and pick up one of the disadvantaged," cracks Rabb.

But Goodale insists that the *Times* treatment of women is "exemplary." "You won't find a newspaper that had a byline like Anne O'Hare McCormick's " (the first, and to date one of only a handful of female foreign affairs writers for the *Times*) "as early as the 30s," says Goodale. He also argues that the presence of Punch's three sisters on the board negates charges that the paper is a bastion of male supremacy. Goodale prefers (as do *Times* legal papers) to turn the question as soon as possible to the "great strides" management has made recently in improving the status of women. He cites numerous executive memos on the crisis, including two personal letters from the publisher, and the 1974 Affirmative Action Plan established by management. The goal of that plan was to fill 50 percent of the openings at the newspaper with either women or minorities; but several executives have admitted in depositions that in many areas it would be difficult to meet such a goal. The reason, Goodale says, "is how small the pool of available female talent was in the 50s and early 60s, a fact which is not the *Times*' fault." Goodale goes on to argue that the experts hired on their side of the case find no statistical discrepancy between male and female wages at the *Times*. The *Times*' experts also found out that since 1970 the proportion of female exployees has increased "almost a full percentage point." In the category of managers, the number of women has "quadrupled," the *Times*' experts found—from 10 to 37.

The plaintiff's lawyers are openly scornful of the *Times*' seemingly contradictory argument: We don't discriminate, but look how we've improved. Quips Howard Rubin: "It's like you run over me with your car and when we go to court you say you shouldn't be liable because you haven't run over me since you did the first time." Rubin and Rabb have marshalled an impressive array of statistics to make their case. Among them; in 1968, the average annual salary gap between male and female employees (those covered by the Guild Pension Plan) was $3,800; by January, 1976, it had grown to $5,159. Dozens of jobs at the *Times*, they have found, have never been held by women. In 1971, only 13 percent of the employees in the news department were female, and of that 13 percent, 36 percent were in the lowest paying jobs. In the news department, no woman has ever held a top policy-making job. And until Charlotte Curtis was made editor of the Op-Ed page, no woman had been the editor of anything other than Family/Style. Even after stepped-up promotions last year, the number of women who have held jobs at the deputy editor level at the *Times* can be counted on one hand. Even in departments where the percentage of women is higher than in news (in 1971, promotion 27 percent; circulation, 30 percent; classified, 45 percent), no more than 8 percent of the women have become managers or supervisors.

Rabb points out that the *Times* is being sued for every kind of sex discrimination recognized in Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. She rifles through a pile of legal papers on her desk and quotes a work evaluation of a woman in promotion and circulation. "Very pleasant," it reads. "Good at shorthand and typing. Her chief ambition is probably to get married. Has a good figure and is not restrained about dressing it to advantage." "Don't think of this company as the liberal *New York Times*, think of it as the Georgia Power Company. They don't treat their women any different," insists Rabb.

Eileen Shanahan is telling anyone who is interested about exactly what it's like to feel 16 years of discrimination at the newspaper you love

One day, a few months after Eileen Shanahan left the *Times*, she got calls from national editor David Jones and then assistant foreign editor Sydney Schanberg. They wanted to know if she could recommend women to head the L.A. Bureau or take on a foreign assignment. Offhand, many names came to Shanahan's mind. But (old reporters never die) she couldn't help asking whether the sudden urgency might not have something to do with the decision granting class action status to the women's suit. Jones demurred; but Schanberg agreed that the gentlemen of the *New York Times* were extremely eager to hire women. Schanberg recalls that Shanahan did not give him any names, explaining that she did not know if she wanted to "inflict" the *Times* on any of her friends or people she respected.

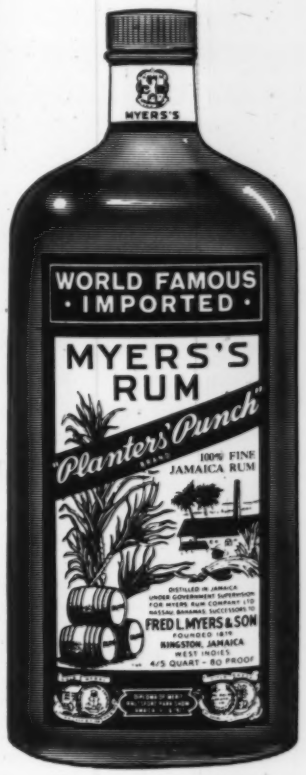
This new form of skirt-chasing has without a doubt added some talented females to the news department. They are women like Denver correspondent Molly Ivins, city-side reporter Anna Quindlan, economics reporter Ann Crittenden, movie critic Janet Maslin, food writer Mimi Sheraton and Home section editor Nancy Newhouse. The inauguration of the new Living and Home sections has opened up seemingly inexhaustible amounts of space for experts in those areas. Three women have been hired to edit these sections and run the daily Family/Style page. Betsy Wade has been awarded a promotion to assistant travel editor, although some feminists at

the paper consider that job akin to an interlude in Siberia. A bigger breakthrough has been in the male preserve of the sports department, where one woman reporter and an assistant editor for SportsMonday have been hired. A few new women have been added as ad salesmen, who work on accounts outside the office, rather than being automatically shuttled into the lower paying job of telephone solicitor.

But to the women at the *Times*, these tardy gains are little more than tokenism. One recently hired reporter, while acknowledging how many new women have been hired in the news department still observes how few women there are in the *Times* newsroom compared to the *New York Post*'s. The 3:45 and 5:15 news conferences, where all important decisions are made about what will be published in tomorrow's *New York Times*, are still officially all-male gatherings. Little has been done to equalize wages. Those few new female employees (most of them stars before they came to the *Times*) who have been given male-size salaries credit the women's suit for their good fortune. Many women at the paper are particularly bitter about the hiring of three outsiders—Nancy Newhouse, Annette Grant and Michaela Williams—to run the new Living, Home, and Family/Style page. They point out there were many qualified female editors already at the *Times*—Eden Lipson and Mary Simons (now an editor at the new *Life*), to name two—who deserve promotions. Applicants from the *Times* were told that they didn't have enough newspaper experience to qualify.

To the women at the *Times* the issue is more than just a matter of simple justice or the law that requires giving women an equal chance to be an editor of the "Week in Review" or a foreign correspondent. For a newspaper that purports to be the greatest in the world, they charge, the *Times* presents a remarkably incomplete and unsophisticated picture of women and the social issues that directly involve them. For years no one at the *Times*, for example, covered the Women's Liberation Movement except Eileen Shanahan. According to Shanahan she was told she had to finish her economic reporting first and could cover feminism only on her own time. Three years ago, Shanahan proposed to Rosenthal that the *Times* do a major investigation of the political groups and financing behind the anti-ERA movement. Rosenthal wasn't interested. Only this spring did the *Times* give the ERA the prominence it deserves, long after most other media. Women at the *Times* refer to this belated ERA coverage, a long series on men and women and a recent wrap-up on homosexuality as "the sky is blue" stories. If the *Times* trusted its women reporters and had some women editors to work with them, the women argue, series like those could have been written before they had become cliches. The International Women's Year conference (IWY) in Houston is another example. The *Times* refused to send Grace Lichtenstein, their most experienced reporter on women's politics, because the male editors believe she is too feminist. "An insult to my professionalism," snaps Lichtenstein, "and besides blacks are assigned to cover black politics.") Instead, the *Times* sent two Family/Style reporters. (The Washington Post, in recognition that IWY was a national political story, sent three reporters and hotshot political columnist David Broder.) Squeamishness about certain bodily functions, a legacy of what many *Times* women see as the lingering Victorianism of the *Times*' Adolph Ochs, is also blamed on the all-male grip on editorial power. Sex is for the locker room, not the news column. A story on colon cancer can get through, for example. But, not until recently could the dread word *menstruation* appear on the pages of the *New York Times*, most notably in Jane Brody's medical this column summer.

As the opening day of the trial arrives, many believe the best thing the *Times* can hope for now is that the rest of the media, out of ignorance or loyalty to the flagship of its profession, will ignore the trial. There are as many theories about why the *Times* won't settle being batted about the paper's newsroom as there are copy boys and girls waiting to be promoted to reporter. Most cast Rosenthal as the force behind the no-settlement policy, backed up by publisher Sulzberger who, it is conjectured, feels chagrined that his earlier chivalrous gestures didn't satisfy the women's caucus. But vice-president Goodale suggests a simpler explanation. In a recent interview Goodale, after fielding reporters' questions about the suit, added gravely: "The *New York Times* has taken, throughout its history, the position that this country should not engage in discrimination of any kind. We have been the leader of opinion on this question. We are fighting this case because to settle would be to compromise the integrity of the *New York Times* by implying that our editorials over the years have been hypocritical." But a federal magistrate in some pretrial sparring asked Goodale the obvious follow-up question. When Goodale referred to the negative influence of settling the women's suit to avoid trial, the magistrate asked him if he wasn't worried about the negative influence of *losing*. "Why no," said Goodale, brimming with all the confidence that only counsel for the greatest newspaper in the world can muster, "Why no, because we don't plan to lose." ●



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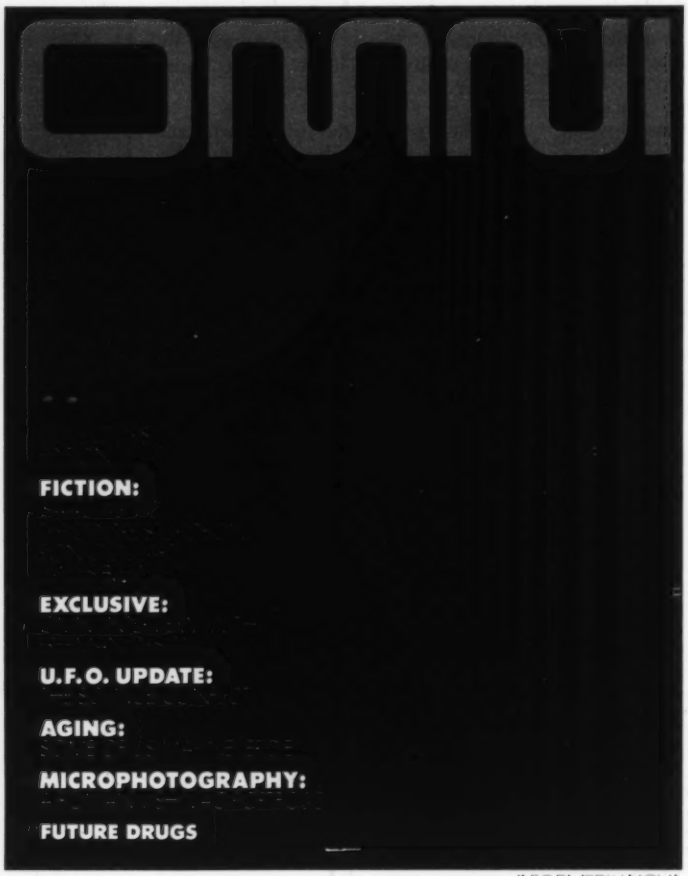

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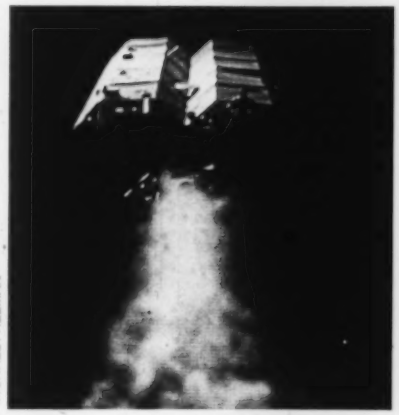

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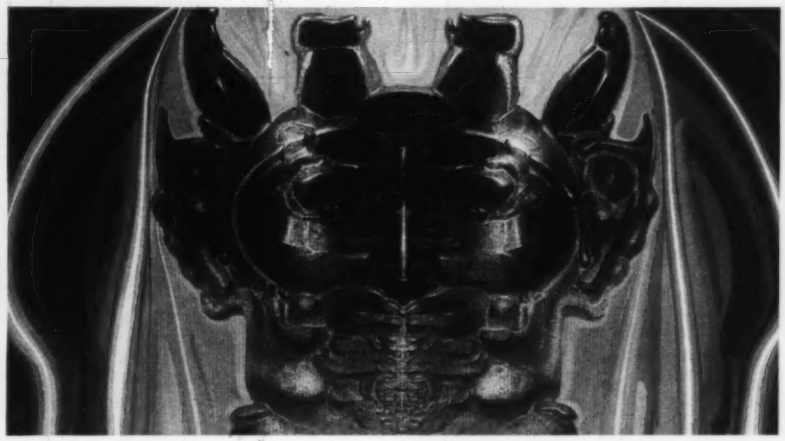

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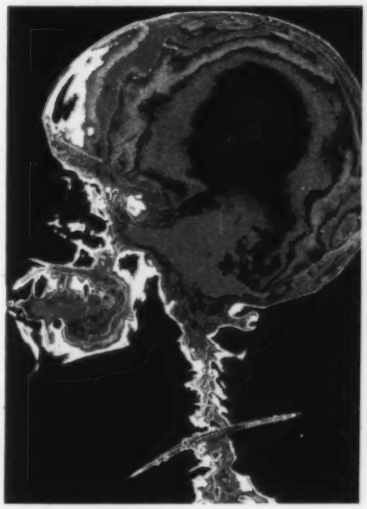

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FIRE DEPARTMENT
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Anarchy in Memphis

What if, during a blackout on the first anniversary of Elvis' death, there weren't any cops to arrest the firemen who set the fires that...

by Michael Daly

John Christopher was hoping to continue a successful string of burglaries he began some 56 houses ago on a quiet Memphis night. He tucked the television set under his arm and headed out of the yard. Suddenly they were upon him, these old folks, with a nail-studded baseball bat and a shotgun and a pistol.

"Freeze!" the old lady shouted. As Christopher raised his hands, he became the first prisoner of the Dison Street Protection Association.

"I'll be glad when the police is back," he said. "You folks are scary."

Over in East Memphis, the Scott family stood on Park Street and watched their three-bedroom home burn. After 20 minutes, a lone fire engine screamed up the block.

"Anybody in there?" one of the four deputy chiefs yelled.

"No," Billie Scott said.

"We'll be back later, then. We got another one down the street," the fireman called out. As the engine roared away, two ten-year-old boys carted a garden hose from across the street.

Outside of the Ramada Inn, a woman in town to celebrate the first anniversary of Elvis Presley's death paused to light a cigarette. Three teenagers pounced. One slapped her. Another kicked her. The third snatched her purse.

"Help, police!" the woman screamed.

"There aren't any," a man shouted from the third floor of the hotel.

It was the summer of 1978 and the policemen and firemen of Memphis were out on strike.

Dozens of firemen cheered the blazes that raged out of control throughout the city. And, as the smoke wafted from their windows, the citizens of Memphis realized that only a handful of nonstriking superior officers stood between them and total destruction.

In the morning, clusters of citizens gathered around the firehouses and police stations and watched picket lines, wondering why, for the first time in any city's history, the firemen were refusing to fight fires and the policemen were turning their backs on crime.

To understand the forces that sparked such anarchy, you only had to talk to people in other lines, at places like the supermarket down the street from fire headquarters. There, you watched a fireman named Walter pay ten cents more for a pound of meat than he had the previous month. This dime, Walter said, should come out of the city's coffers, in the form of a pay raise. The taxpayer standing behind Walter, a salesman, insisted the dime had to come from a tax cut.

Listening to them talk, you realized that the strike in Memphis was born, somehow, in the same place as the California taxpayer's revolt—in the drawer of a cash register. There, and on a piece of paper with the results of a recent political poll, which showed the city's mayor, Wyeth Chandler, running ninth in a field of ten possible candidates.

"Go after the unions," a friend remembers telling Chandler. "Proposition 13. The tax revolt. You become the taxpayer's champion. Stand up to those unions."

With that advice, the mayor started spreading The Word, and his constituents began listening. When Chandler cut the social services budget, which had been spurred by the riots of '68, the white neighborhoods cheered. When he slashed the education and housing costs, the applause was deafening. Riding the high, Chandler boldly insisted that he would continue to "guard the city's coffers" when he sat down with the unions, and steadfastly refused to pay an additional $250,000 a year for fire and police protection, which the unions demanded.

But his plan went too far. Firemen and policemen refused to go to work. For the first time since '68, the mayor of Memphis was forced to call in the National Guard. Only this time, the people in the streets were the city's finest, and Chandler's $250,000 savings cost the taxpayers $1.1 million for National Guard protection. You can cut welfare, the citizens and the mayor learned, but fire and police salaries are two bills that have to be paid, on time.

In cities throughout the country, civil servants learned there was something they could do to increase wages. In the same way the example of Watts set off explosions in a hundred American cities, the lessons of Memphis seemed to portend a revolt that would make Howard Jarvis sit at home with a shotgun. For, as the policemen and firemen in Memphis went back to work, the cops in nearby Knoxville pulled a work slowdown and threatened to strike. Two weeks later, firemen in Anderson, Indiana, walked off the job.

"Memphis was the example," a spokesman for the Anderson firemen's union said. "If the men there can refuse to work, we can do it here. We got telegrams of support from firefighter unions all over the country. Half of them say they're thinking of taking 'the Memphis option.'"

Soon after Proposition 13 had passed in California, a 27-year-old fireman from East Memphis mailed a crumpled pay stub to Mayor Chandler. The stub showed that the fireman had taken home $340.85 for two weeks work. This amounted to slightly more than the pay for a veteran sanitation worker.

"Me and my family can't live on this," the fireman scrawled across the stub in red pencil. "You may have to get somebody else to put out your fires."

But Wyeth Chandler ignored the note, and on June 19, told the city's chief administrator, Henry Evans, to sit down with the firemen. Evans, in turn, delegated the negotiating to city personnel director Joseph Sabitini, whom one union official later described as "Evans'

Michael Daly is a reporter for the New York Daily News.

Police Union Chief Baker: Plagued by a miserly mayor, rank-and-file rowdies and a $5G fine

mouthpiece." Sabitini arrived late for 12 of the first 13 sessions with the firemen.

On June 30, Sabitini informed the union leaders that the city budget had been formulated. Effective July 1, Sabitini said, the firemen would receive a two-year contract with a 6 percent pay hike, an across-the-board raise of $30 in April, 1979 and a 7.5 percent raise in October, 1979.

"We got telegrams of support from firefighter unions all over the country. Half of them say they're thinking of taking the 'Memphis Option'"

"This is our final offer," Sabitini said. "Take it or leave it. There just isn't any more money."

Kuhron Huddleston, president of Local 1784, took the offer to the firemen gathered at the AFL-CIO hall that evening. The city had told the firemen it was running a $9-million deficit the year before. But soon after that contract was signed, the city discovered a $1.5 million surplus. That money later went toward raises for the superior officers of the police and fire departments.

"Strike," one fireman shouted. Most of the younger men raised clenched fists and stomped their feet. Veterans stood quietly, their jaw muscles pulled taut. Moving to the back, a lieutenant nodded to a fireman who was just one week short of retirement.

"Go home," the lieutenant said. "We go out now, we might all lose our jobs. Why throw away 20 years?"

"It's time for us to make a stand," the man said. "I'm staying."

Huddleston called for a show of hands on the city's final offer. As all but two of the firemen voted "no," the lieutenant spotted a dozen hands missing fingers, twisted by burns, or paralyzed with cut tendons. "And this city doesn't pay compensation for injuries," he said to a fireman standing on his left.

"If you don't report an injury in 24 hours, they don't even pay the hospital bills," the fireman said. "I came home one day and I got a little puffiness where I got hurt. The next day it pops out and I got a rupture. 'Sorry, but you know you have to report injuries within 24 hours,' the boss says. I tell him the thing didn't even show until after 24 hours. 'Sorry,' the boss says. Well, it's time for the city to get a rupture."

When Huddleston accepted a member's motion and called for a strike vote, the lieutenant and every other fireman in the hall voted to walk off the job at 7 A.M. the following day.

"You're shocked at yourself," the lieutenant said later. "Every man's got his stories. It just builds up in a man's craw. Most of us were feeling this frustration for years, but we would just say that there's nothing you can do. Suddenly there was something we could do. I love my job, but I'm not a nun. I'm not married to the fire department. I'm married to my wife, and I have to raise a family."

The following morning, picket lines were drawn in front of the firehouses and city hall. Cornelia Crenshaw, a veteran civil rights activist, donned a red shirt and went down to the hall.

"That's a raggedy line," Crenshaw shouted at the firemen. "If you all is going to picket, you had better learn how to picket right."

The next afternoon, Mayor Chandler called in 1,000 National Guardsmen. Thirty-five of the 51 firehouses were shuttered. The 16 remaining firehouses, scattered through the city's white neighborhoods, were manned by non-union superior officers. The union requested equipment for teams of emergency crews that would respond in pickup trucks to life-endangering fires.

"Will you bring in a mediator?" Chandler was asked.

"No," he answered. "The city of Memphis has adequate fire protection."

That night 168 fires were reported in Memphis. Twelve burned out of control. A block from the site of one blaze, two firemen were arrested for arson.

Photograph by Larry Coyne/Memphis Press-Scimitar

"Who are those men?" a pedestrian asked one of the arresting officers.

"Firemen," the cop said. "They was setting fires."

"I don't know why I did it," one of the arrested firemen, a church deacon and a Sunday school teacher, said later. "I was all worked up. Somebody said 'Let's do this,' and I did it."

Later in the evening, a police department spokesman charged that "95 percent of the fires were set by firemen." More reasoned study revealed that a number of the fires were set by businessmen with unprofitable ventures.

"Here's to insurance," the owner of a gutted store in midtown said that night after buying a round of drinks at Friday's, a saloon in Overton Square.

"Here, here," a man in a starched white shirt said. This man had been struggling for two years to unload a business in East Memphis. A two-alarm fire had solved his financial difficulties.

"And to think I always hated unions," the man told a waitress.

Blazes also hit five schools.

The next day, as the fires from the first night still smoldered, Chandler ordered a 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. curfew.

"We have adequate fire protection," Chandler said.

Ten hours later, 62 fires were raging in Memphis. At a downtown street corner, a striking fireman garbed in a Roman toga fashioned out of a bedsheet played a fiddle. A sign strung from his neck read: "Nero."

A half-mile away, a two-alarm blaze was consuming the library on Vance Street. Once known as "the colored branch," the Vance Library was the prime repository for black history and literature in Memphis.

Their faces glinting in the firelight, 14 striking firemen stood across the street from the library and cheered as 50-foot flames exploded through the roof.

"Burn, baby, burn," one fireman shouted, raising a can of Budweiser. A black man ran from behind the building clutching an armful of books he had rescued from the blaze. Until he walked into the Vance Library 20 years ago, the only books the man had ever held were the Bible and two textbooks stamped "for nigger children."

"You is acting like niggers," the man told the firemen.

"We have been treated like niggers," a fireman said.

Meanwhile, Chandler continued to refuse "on principle" to negotiate while the firemen were on strike. The third night of the walkout, 32 fires broke out. A major blaze swept through the Nutrena Feed Mills on the outskirts of the city. As the flames rose 250 feet into the air, a knot of striking firemen ran to an engine and grabbed a hose.

"We don't need you," a deputy chief said. A fireball half the size of the building exploded through the back wall.

"The hell you don't," one of the strikers yelled back.

On July 4th, the firemen obeyed a court order and, after receiving a guarantee of federal mediation, returned to work at 7 in the morning.

"I grew up hard," one of them said later. "And I've seen fights where you could beat a man into the ground and he still won't give up. The mayor's like that. He doesn't care if the whole city burns down. He won't quit. And we done something to the fire department I don't believe we'll ever straighten out. We hurt our pride. And pride is what makes a man run into a smoky building."

From July 6th to July 14th, a federal mediator attempted to iron out a settlement between the city and the fire and police unions. The only concession the city was willing to grant was doubling the benefits (from $1 to $2 a month) for every five years of service.

"There's no more money," Henry Evans said. The unions offered to accept the terms for one year. A property reassessment was due in 1979. With the added revenue, the unions reasoned, the city wouldn't be able to plead poverty next year.

In fact, firemen's union leaders hoped the new revenues would support a 14 percent raise next year. But 1979 is an election year, and Wyeth Chandler did not want to face the electorate as the

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man who made the firemen rich.

"A two-year contract," Evans said at 3 A.M., July 14th. "Take it or leave it." Both unions quickly rejected the offer. Two weeks later, Chandler debated David Baker, the president of the Memphis Police Association, on television. Chandler offered Baker the same 32-month deal recently awarded to the Memphis utility workers. There was more money up front, Chandler said, but there was *less* money over the length of the contract.

On August 10th, Memphis police officers filed past a steel box in the West Precinct station house and voted on Chandler's offer. That evening, the cops packed into the Admiral Benbow Motel and learned that the contract had been rejected 528 to 266.

"Strike," a cop in a cowboy hat chanted. Another cop picked up the chant. Soon the cries for a strike were overwhelming.

"I don't think they are going to walk off their job," Chandler said when he learned that the offer had been rejected.

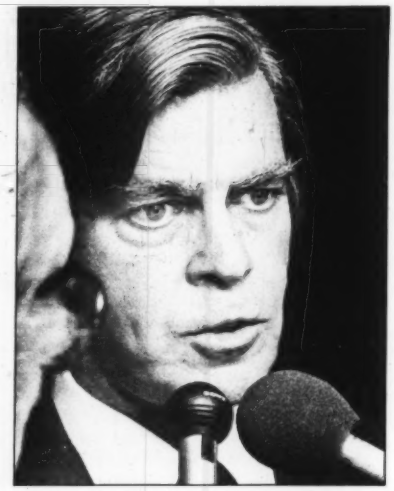
By midnight, pickets were up around the city's four station houses and the central police headquarters. By Friday morning, less than 50 of the city's 1,400 patrolmen had reported to work. Only five of the 153 detectives crossed the lines. Sixty deputies from surrounding Shelby County were summoned to patrol the streets. Some 600 Tennessee National Guardsmen were placed on alert. Chandler ordered an 8 P.M. to 6 A.M. curfew.

Outside the East Precinct, 30 striking cops lounged on lawn chairs and car hoods, drinking beers from a Styrofoam ice chest. One cop fashioned sun hats out of signs reading: "You wouldn't risk your life for a million bucks; a policeman does it for a lot less." Outside the North Precinct, a cop spread a box of roofing nails on the driveway. Another striker, this one wearing a shirt stenciled "Unemployed," turned on the fire hydrant at the corner. A public works crew returned six times to turn off the hydrant. They quit when the cops took away their wrench.

In the Annesdale Park section of the city, Wayne Winterburn formed the first neighborhood protection organization. Housewives were placed on round-the-clock sentry duty at strategic windows.

"Keep your doors locked," Winterburn instructed the homeowners. "Keep your front and back lights on. If you have a dog, put him in the back yard."

But the threat of rampaging criminals that sent many Memphis citizens rummaging for the family firearms never materialized. From the beginning of the strike, the reported crime rate was down 40 percent. From Friday night to Saturday morning, there were only two burglaries and one robbery reported. The only major arrests involved two former



Hizzoner Hisself: Wyeth Chandler

county officials who were charged with extortion.

"Most times, your biggest friend is the one you're robbin'," a thief named Darrell from the housing project off Union Street explained. "They's forever thinkin' it can't happen to them. They think it's other people get robbed. With no police out, they start thinking maybe it could happen to them. They get careful, and that makes life very dangerous for me. You go into somebody's house or try and take their pocketbook, they might be waiting for you. They might blow you up."

Crimes of passion, however, continued unabated. A man named Leroy Smith was shot during an argument over a dice game. Thirty-three-year-old Billie Gene Williams was shot in the chest during a fight over a woman. Dave "Caveman" Johnson was shot dead when he disputed a baseball score.

All day Saturday, pickets at the West Precinct conducted an informal poll of passing motorists. A clenched fist meant support for the strike. An upraised finger indicated favor for the mayor's position.

"It was about half and half," one of the pollsters, a patrolman with six years on the job, said later. "The ones in the new cars were the most against us, especially the foreign new cars."

The views of the motorists who simply drove by, ignoring the strikers, were best expressed in an editorial that appeared in the *Memphis Press-Scimitar* Saturday. "Mayor Chandler might have been a little more diplomatic in his dealings with the policemen," the editorial read. ". . . But now the responsibility for our present crisis has shifted to the union . . . Citizens are bypassing the issues of wages and fringe benefits and are saying: 'It's a question of who's running this city—our elected officials or a union.'"

Armed with eggs and axe handles, 500 strikers gathered at 10:30 Saturday night across from police headquarters. The non-striking superior officers crouched behind the barricaded windows of the darkened building. Riflemen perched on the rooftops.

Outside, a union negotiator told the pickets that cameramen were photographing them from the rooftops with infrared film. The strikers marched to the Mid-America Mall, where shotgun-toting guards ringed City Hall.

Across the plaza, a 235-pound patrolman named Chris Cothran scaled the ten-foot steel monument to Martin Luther King.

"I have been to the mountain top," Cothran shouted. A knot of strikers laughed. Cothran, they knew, held the unofficial citywide record for brutality complaints during the 1968 marches.

"I'm serious," said Cothran, who ran unsuccessfully for union president in 1977. "I've been as bad to blacks and the poor as anybody. In '68 those people were crazy radicals to me. But I understand them now. Black people have been under the thumb for centuries. They're cornered just like we are now. And a six-ounce rat will fight a 40-pound dog if it's cornered."

As a National Guard helicopter circled the mall, Dave Baker climbed on a concrete platform and read a restraining order issued earlier that day instructing the men to end the strike at midnight.

"I want you to go back to work," Baker said.

"No," 500 voices screamed.

Chris Cothran forced Baker off the platform. "They ain't going back to work," Cothran said to Baker. "You lead them or I will."

"We want Chris," the strikers yelled.

"If the National Guard wants war, they'll get it," Cothran said. "Right at this time, Baker's not running the union. I am."

"Oh my God," Chandler reportedly said as he stood at his office window and watched Cothran take control of the rally. Chandler then went to his outer office for a 12:15 A.M. press conference. All the police officers who did not return to duty within 24 hours, said Chandler, would be fired. Henry Loeb, Chandler's predecessor, leveled this same threat against striking sanitation men in 1968—two days before caving into their demands.

"It is the position of this administration that each and every member of this department has, in fact, obeyed the order of the court," Chandler said. "That is, they have either returned to active duty or have resigned from the Memphis Police Department . . . The issue before us is simple: Shall those who are charged with the solemn obligation to enforce the law do less than obey the law? The answer must be no."

Photograph by Jack Gurner/Memphis Press-Scimitar

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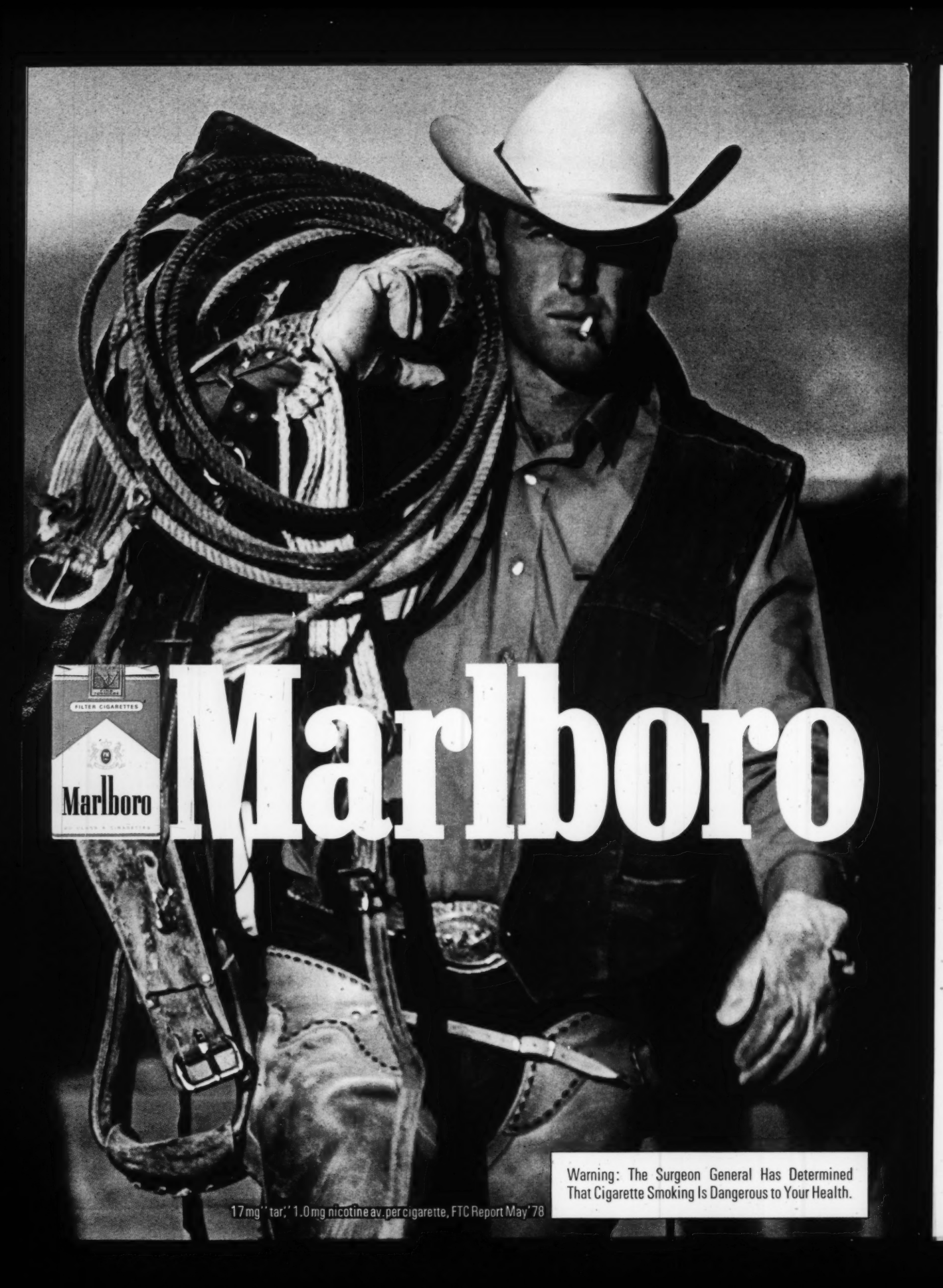
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En Garde: While Memphis burned, striking firemen heckled the station-house subs

On Sunday, Chandler's words stuck to the men on the picket lines like a sweat-soaked uniform. Nobody was chanting.

Taking a break from the picketing, Patrolmen Kenneth Rooker and Henry Todd drove over to the Blue Note Lounge in North Memphis.

"We're closed," the man behind the bar told the cops. A nude woman burst out of the back room.

"He's got a gun," she said. The man behind the bar whipped out a pistol and ordered Rooker and Todd to the back. Rooker grabbed a five-gallon can and threw it at the gunman. The man fired twice and missed. Todd drew a pistol and fired several shots, hitting the man in the shoulder.

"Here," Todd said, tossing a dime to a patron, "call the police."

"I thought *you* were the police," the patron said.

"Scab," the wounded gunman said to Todd.

By Sunday evening, less than 50 cops had returned to duty. At the East Memphis Precinct, a lone officer attempted to cross the picket line.

"Hope you got a strong neck," a striker told the officer. "For the next 20 years, you're going to have to look over your shoulder every time somebody wearing a gun walks up behind you." The cop turned around and went home.

Shortly after 11:00 that night, Baker told a crowd of pickets outside police headquarters that "we will continue to strike notwithstanding the mayor's ultimatum at midnight." With these words, Baker regained control of the union.

At 2:10 Monday morning, 1,039 Guardsmen rolled out of the armory and headed for the precincts. Backed by a mobile howitzer and two personnel carriers armed with machineguns, 250 Guardsmen surrounded police headquarters. Police Director Buddy "Coors" Chapman, flanked by shotgun-toting captains and lieutenants, stalked out of the building. ("Coors" got his nickname in 1976, when Memphis police seized a truckload of untaxed Coors beer as it crossed over the state line. The driver told the cops that he had been hired by Buddy Chapman, then administrative assistant to Mayor Chandler. The beer, the cops later learned, was bound for a Chandler fundraiser.)

"You are under arrest for violation of curfew and breach of peace," Chapman informed the 30 to 40 pickets still outside the building.

Over at the West Precinct, pickets knelt and recited the Lord's Prayer. A lieutenant walked up to a striker wearing overalls and, holding the muzzle of his shotgun an inch from the man's face, pumped a shell into the chamber.

"Boy," the lieutenant said. "You are under arrest."

"I was sitting there praying and this man wearing the same uniform I wear sticks a gun in my face," the cop in overalls said later. "I wouldn't do that to a killer. You couldn't have even dreamed that one up."

By sunrise, 66 policemen had been arrested. The city jail echoed with cries of "Free the Memphis 66."

Fourteen striking firemen stood across the street from the library and cheered as 50-foot flames exploded through the roof

"Here it was nice and quiet," a robbery suspect named Earl complained to a guard that morning. "You got to bring all these rowdy police into this jail."

At 10 o'clock Monday morning, 800 firemen crowded the union hall on Lamar Avenue and rejected the city contract defeated five days before by the

Photograph by Ken Hawkins/Sygma

police rank-and-file. Huddleston was shouted down when he read a court order forbidding a strike.

"Strike," the men yelled as they poured into the parking lot in front of the hall. Huddleston hopped on top of a camper and tried to read the order again.

"I want you to go back to work," Huddleston said. Fireman Adler Jones jumped onto the camper.

"The strike is on," Jones shouted. "Let's go."

"There was one of me and 1,100 of them," Huddleston said later. "We had a strike no matter what I said. The men had just plain had it with the mayor."

That afternoon, Chandler gave the firemen 24 hours to return to work. An army of secretaries was filling out termination of employment forms for the cops who had ignored his order. There were already 2,000 applications on file for police and fire positions.

"Anyone can see," Chandler said, "that it's now an attempt by the fire and police unions, singularly or in concert, to simply close down all operations, governmental or otherwise, in our city."

Responding to the mayor's threats to fire the strikers, local unions rallied around the firemen and policemen. The local AFL-CIO, which represents 60,000 of Memphis' 300,000 workers, proposed a general strike. The workers on the barges that supply Memphis with oil offered to honor any picket lines the firemen posted.

"We know we can disrupt the city," Huddleston told the barge workers. "But what have we got if we do? I just hope we don't have fires."

On Monday night, only 11 fires were reported in Memphis, two-thirds the usual number.

"I've seen fights where you beat a man into the ground and he still won't give up. The mayor's like that. He doesn't care if the whole city burns down"

The arrests continued. More than 30 firemen, including Sam Posey, vice-president of the union, were locked up for curfew violations. Over at police headquarters, Chapman ordered Lieutenant Louise Dunavant to arrest the two pickets in front of the building. She walked up to Sergeant Mack Hughes, who held a sign reading "Anything—

A Local Haunt: Memphis-style

painting, roofing, mowing lawns."

"Do what you got to do," Hughes said, wrapping his arm around Dunavant.

"I can't," Dunavant said, tears rolling down her cheeks. "I got 17 years on this job, but I don't guess I have any more." Later, another policewoman showed no such qualms.

On the fourth day of the police strike, the Chamber of Commerce proposed a meeting with the Memphis AFL-CIO Labor Council in an effort to push for a resumption of negotiations.

"What say we settle this thing," Tommy Powell, head of the Memphis AFL-CIO Labor Council told James McGehee, head of the Memphis Chamber of Commerce. "We'll work on the two unions. You work on the mayor."

On Wednesday, representives of the Chamber of Commerce and the Labor Council talked to Mayor Chandler and Henry Evans, and later with union officials Baker and Huddleston.

Attempting to slip out of the crisis, Chandler went on television and proposed a referendum on an increased sales tax to support pay hikes for firemen and policemen.

"The unions weren't biting," a mayoral aide said later. "They knew Wyeth [Chandler] wanted to throw the whole weight on them. Wyeth figured he could make it look like the unions wanted to take the money right out of John Q. Public's pocket."

With fires and crime down, Chandler's biggest public relations problem was the curfew. An irate woman showed up at City Hall with a bill for a wedding dress. Her planned nuptials had been disrupted on Monday by the curfew. On Tuesday morning, the groom-to-be had suffered a change of heart and fled.

Nobody hated the curfew more than the city's small army of prostitutes.

"How's a lady of the night supposed to make a living if she can't go out at night?" a hooker wearing silk gym shorts asked, as a Guardsman chased her off Front Street.

The owners of the more expensive saloons suffered similar hardships. Only the more serious drinking places, saloons like the Poor and Hungry on Madison Street, kept busy.

"Come curfew, you just lock the front door," said Wanda, the owner of the Poor and Hungry. "You chase out the people you don't know. Your friends know enough to come in the back door."

The Poor and Hungry was still going strong at 12:21 Wednesday morning when the lights went out across Memphis. A 29-year-old inebriated security guard named Richard Hyder had created more chaos than the police and fire unions combined. Standing at his post at a Memphis power station, Hyder became fascinated by the main switchboard. The whiskey, he said later, gave the dials and lights a wonderful glow. Hyder grabbed a switch and squeezed. By the time he had pulled the seventh switch, the city of Memphis was experiencing a three-hour blackout. Scattered looting broke out.

"It wasn't nothing, though," Babbs Taylor, a New Yorker visiting his aunt on Dison Street, said later. "They had this whole beautiful blackout and they didn't do anything with it. Thirty-four stores got hit, the papers said. That's all. In New York, we stole the whole town. *That* was a blackout."

A group of housekeeping students from nearby Holiday Inn University took advantage of the power failure to throw a party in the Memphis Zoo. The party was cut short when one student attempted to ride an elk. Methodist Hospital recorded the first confirmed case of "elk bite" in Memphis history.

By Wednesday, over 30,000 tourists were in town for the first anniversary of Elvis Presley's death. The Elvis Fan Club of Japan checked into the Ramada Inn with a 40-foot floral guitar for the singer's grave. By drawing pictures on a pad of paper, the head of the club asked the way to Jailhouse Rock. That afternoon, 12,000 tourists lined up along the stone

Photograph by Ken Hawkins/Sygma

walls of Graceland, Presley's plantation-style mansion on a hill overlooking a shopping center. The fans mobbed the souvenir shops across the street, snatching up watches, earrings, pillows, dollar bills, plates and bars of soap bearing Elvis' visage.

At 10 o'clock, Presley's uncle, Vernon, let 50 fans into Graceland to escape arrest for curfew violation. (The curfew was pushed back from 8 to 10 P.M. Wednesday night.) As the fans made camp on the front lawn, National Guardsmen fanned out to provide security. A fan from Bangkok sang "Heartbreak Hotel" in Thai, accompanied by a 37-year-old housewife from Wisconsin shaking a tambourine.

At midnight, the leader of the Elvis Presley Fan Club of Britain informed the commander of the Guard that "four devoted, law abiding fans have to get to a toilet quickly." A squad armed with M-16s escorted the four fans to a service station on the other side of Elvis Presley Boulevard.

After declining interviews with newspaper reporters, Chandler appeared at the WMC-TV studio at 7:30 Thursday morning for a taping with *Saturday Night Live*'s Jane Curtin, who was in town to do a piece entitled "How I Spent My Vacation in Memphis."

"No police, no firemen, firemen setting fires," Curtin said. "What about all this, Mr. Mayor?"

"There are many people visiting Graceland and enjoying Memphis," Chandler said.

At 11 o'clock that morning, 5,000 policemen, firemen and supporting citizens, most of whom were black, gathered in a vacant lot opposite from St. Patrick's Catholic Church and the Clayborn Temple. As the marchers began a trek to City Hall, Father Milton Guthrie, one of the organizers, talked of another time he had marched from that spot.

In February, 1968, the Memphis sanitation workers, all but a few of them black, were on strike for recognition of their union. Wearing T-shirts stenciled "I am a Man," the sanitation workers and their supporters marched for 65 days. The struggle became a civil rights issue and, in April, Martin Luther King arrived in Memphis to join them. On April 4th, King was murdered as he stood on the second floor balcony of the Lorraine Motel on Mulberry Street. A few days before King's death, Guthrie and 4,000 others gathered in the parking lot next to the Clayborn Temple.

"Get inside," the police had ordered, beating the marchers into the church. Then tear-gas canisters started crashing through the windows.

"This is unlawful assembly," a policeman bellowed through a megaphone. "Come out." As the demonstrators stumbled out of the church, the police set upon them with nightsticks, dogs and firehoses.

"I can't get over it," Guthrie now said as the march of cops and firemen crossed to Main Street. "Policemen holding hands with those they arrested in 1968. The pain has spread. They thought they had power. Now they realize they don't. They used to see black people and poor people as dogs. Now they are the niggers of '78."

Crippled by arthritis, Carroll Dozier, the hefty Catholic bishop of Memphis, was lifted onto a metal table to address the marchers.

"I hope this table doesn't collapse," a priest said as Dozier spoke. "This movement doesn't need a martyr."

In a strong voice, Dozier read a passage of the Gospel of Matthew, throwing each word like a punch, pausing at the end of each sentence.

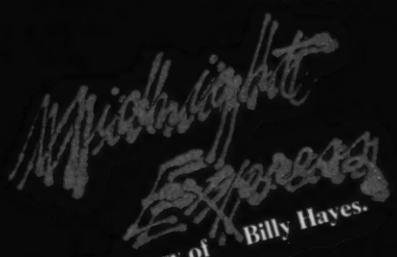
"If your brother sins against you, go and tell him his fault, between you and him alone," the bishop quoted. "If he listens to you, then you have gained a brother. But if he does not listen, take one or two others along with you, that every word may be confirmed by the evidence of two or three witnesses. If he refuses to listen to them, tell it to the church; and if he refuses to listen even to the church, let him be to you as a Gentile and a taxpayer."

"That nice bishop up there used the Bible to tell the mayor to go fuck himself," a striking policeman said later.

The movie they couldn't wait to talk about:

"An emotional roller coaster. The stuff that Oscar dreams are made of."

—*George Anthony*
TORONTO SUN



The true story of Billy Hayes.

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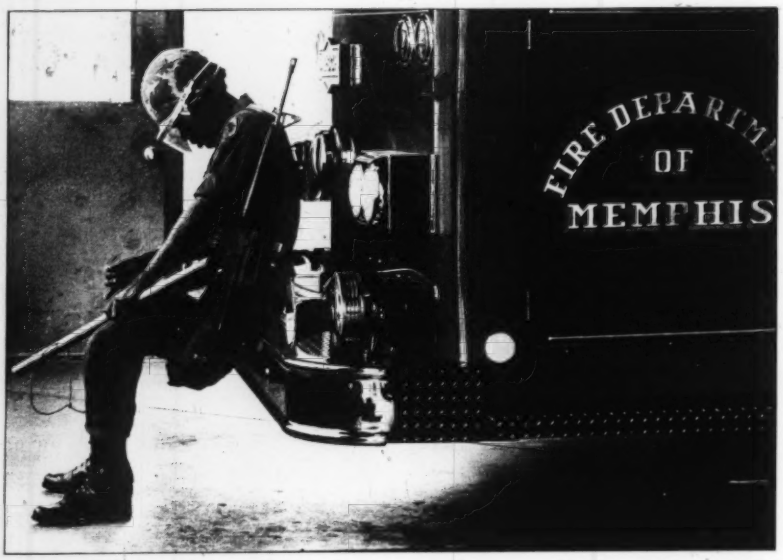


Nightwatch: Eternally vigilant Guardsman at his post

After the march, a 26-year-old black named Ronald Williams and a white cop walked over to the Lorraine Motel. In a quiet drawl, the cop told Williams how he had shouted, "The nigger is dead!" when a bulletin came over the police radio that King had been shot. As the two of them climbed a flight of stairs to the motel's balcony, Williams told the cop how he had rushed over to the Lorraine and stood for an hour, staring at the pool of blood in front of room 306.

Williams and the cop walked over to room 306. Below a wreath tacked to the door a plaque read: "They said to one another 'Behold, here cometh the dreamer, let us slay him.'" A maid walked by carrying a transistor radio.

"Mayor Chandler has said that the situation is firmly under control," a newscaster announced over the radio.

"There are a lot of changes in this town that man the mayor could never dream of," the cop said to Williams.

At 4:00 Thursday afternoon, the Labor Council and the Chamber of Commerce began a second day of meetings. For the next 14 hours, they conjured settlements that might allow both sides to back down gracefully. There were only two pickets at police headquarters that night.

By 6 A.M. Friday, the mayor and the police and fire unions had agreed on a tentative settlement.

"We negotiated for 14 straight hours and I didn't hear wages mentioned once," James McGehee of the Chamber of Commerce said later. "There wasn't a penny involved. Each side was just looking to save face. It all came down to semantics. We came up with a settlement that would make S.I. Hayakawa proud. It was a two-year contract, but it had a wage reopener for the second year. The mayor could say he kept the unions to a two-year contract and the unions could say that the wage reopener really made it a one-year contract."

The policemen and firemen were granted a 6 percent raise, assured of an across-the-board hike of $30 on April 1, 1979 and promised a 7.5 percent raise as of October 1, 1979.

The police union was fined $5,000; the fireman's union, $10,000. None of the striking firemen or policemen who had defied the mayor's order to return to work, or who had been arrested for curfew violations, would be fired. The mayor's office called this a "no-reprisal" clause. The union leaders called it "amnesty."

During the blackout, a group of students threw a party at the Memphis Zoo. The hospital recorded the first confirmed case of elk bite in Memphis history

At 8 A.M., the rank and file of the Memphis Police Association approved their contract. The firemen voted acceptance of theirs two hours later. The local television stations interrupted regular programming with footage of David Baker hugging Chris Cothran and exhulting, "We won!" This sent six of the more conservative city councilmen stampeding toward City Hall.

"I thought you said *we* won," one of the councilmen said to Chandler. Around noon, Chandler announced that there had been a "misunderstanding." Sitting at home, David Baker heard over the radio that the mayor was calling the union leaders to "an emergency meeting" at City Hall.

"I thought the man must be crazy," Baker said later. "It was the only explanation. The thing was settled. Then he wants to blow the whole city up."

"What we agreed to is not what you ratified," Chandler told the union leaders that afternoon. Representatives from the Labor Council and the Chamber of Commerce stomped into Chandler's office. Bowing to pressure from the Chamber of Commerce, Chandler ordered the agreement typed up. An hour later, Baker told the police to return to work. Firemen were instructed to report at 7 A.M. the following day.

At 4 o'clock, the first men entered the West Precinct.

"Hurry up," a cop at the back shouted. "I got to use the bathroom."

"Hope you ain't been waiting all week," another cop said. In a half hour, the cops were back on patrol. Five minutes later, Patrolmen Allred and Beach received a radio call for an attempted murder behind the Shelbourne Apartments. An irate listener had stabbed a disc jockey named Jackie Strickland in the face and chest.

"Thank God you men are back," an hysterical witness said as the two cops raced over to the bleeding disc jockey. As they interviewed the witness, a call came over the radio ordering all policemen to return to their precincts and check in their weapons. The mayor had refused to sign the contract.

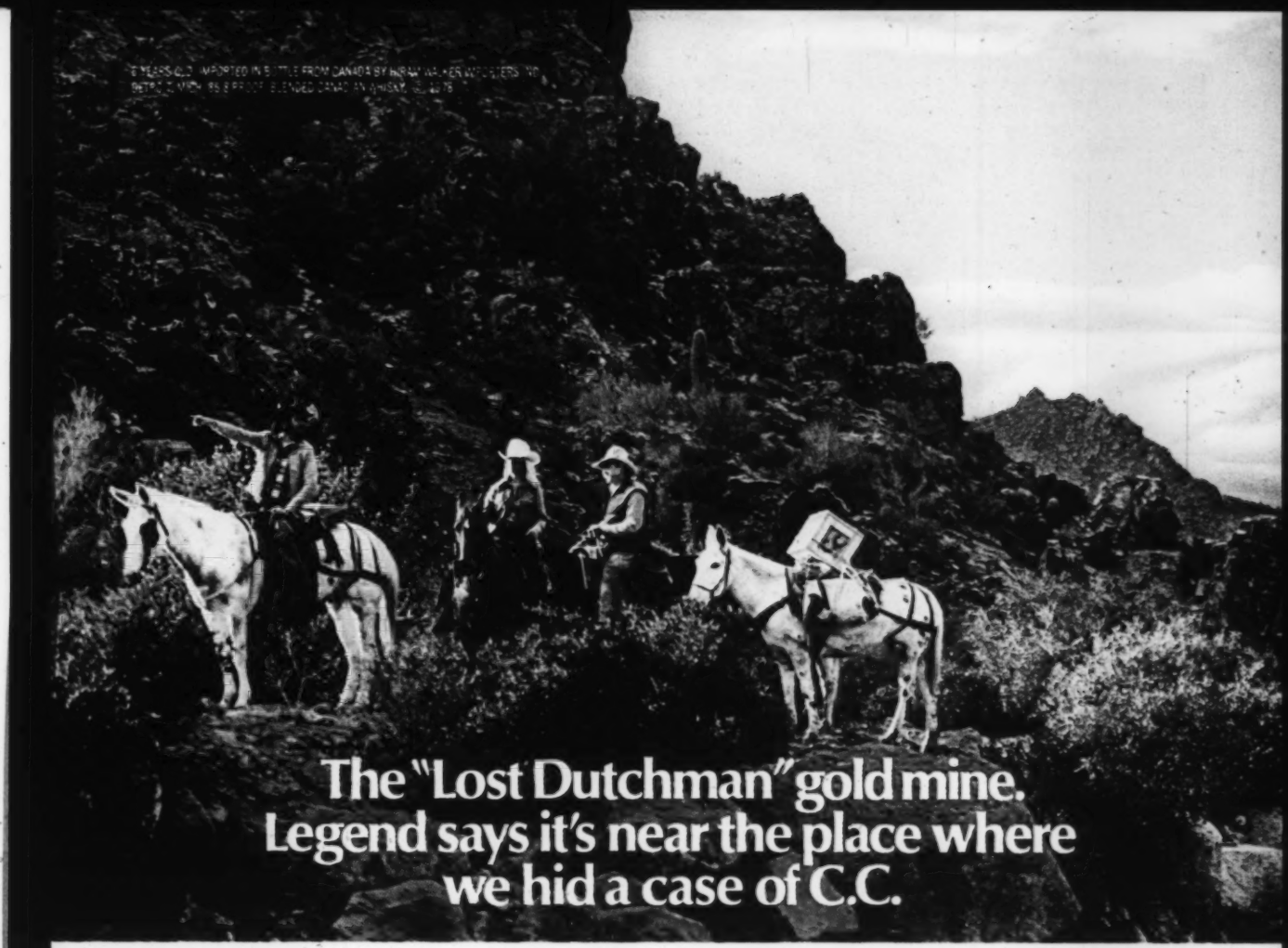
"What we agreed to is not what you ratified," Chandler repeated to the union leaders at 5 o'clock. A member of the Chamber of Commerce reportedly informed the mayor that he would be unemployed in 1979 if he did not sign the contract. At 6:10, Baker came out of Chandler's office and announced that the contract had been signed.

"We got a unified union," Baker told his men. "We've shown them nobody's going to mess with our people." Baker then instructed the men to report for duty at midnight.

Radios crackled and blue emergency lights splayed across Washington Avenue as the officers of the West Precinct climbed into their cars six hours later.

It might be interesting to visit Memphis on July 1, 1979, when the city and the unions meet to discuss the wage reopener. In early September, the Memphis City Council passed a resolution sponsored by Chandler, that, if approved by referendum in November, would prohibit public employees from striking. Any employee who does go on strike, the City Charter amendment would declare, will be fired. ●

Photograph by Larry Coyne/Memphis Press-Scimitar



The "Lost Dutchman" gold mine. Legend says it's near the place where we hid a case of C.C.

We heard tales of hidden gold in the mountains east of Phoenix. They tell how miners who discovered it were mysteriously massacred. How an old prospector, "The Dutchman," rediscovered it. And how he, too, took its secret to the grave.

We searched the same canyons the Dutchman had followed.

These mountains seemed a natural place to hide a case of Canadian Club. So we found a wrangler, and with our C.C. tied on a surefooted mule, we set out. We would seek a hiding place among the sites of the Dutchman's legend...and perhaps his gold too. His last words were about a needle-like rock near his mine. So we kept such a rock in sight as we followed narrow canyons.

C.C. and mountain stream water.

With nightfall, we pitched camp below the needle-rock, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

Seek the rock pictured here (it won't look this way from the trail) and ride toward it. Follow a trail that's more stream bed in places, past a lone cactus that grows from a high rock outcropping, to the end. Near here we made camp again 'neath a small tree where the distant needle-rock can be seen. Within sight of our fire, we buried our case of Canadian Club.

We wish you better luck in your search for the buried case of Canadian Club than those who've sought the Dutchman's gold. But be warned: this rugged country is unforgiving. So if the trail seems too rigorous, you can strike it rich at any bar or package store. Just say, "C.C., please."

Beginning Sept. 4, get more clues by calling 800-221-4686. In N.Y. call 800-522-7517.

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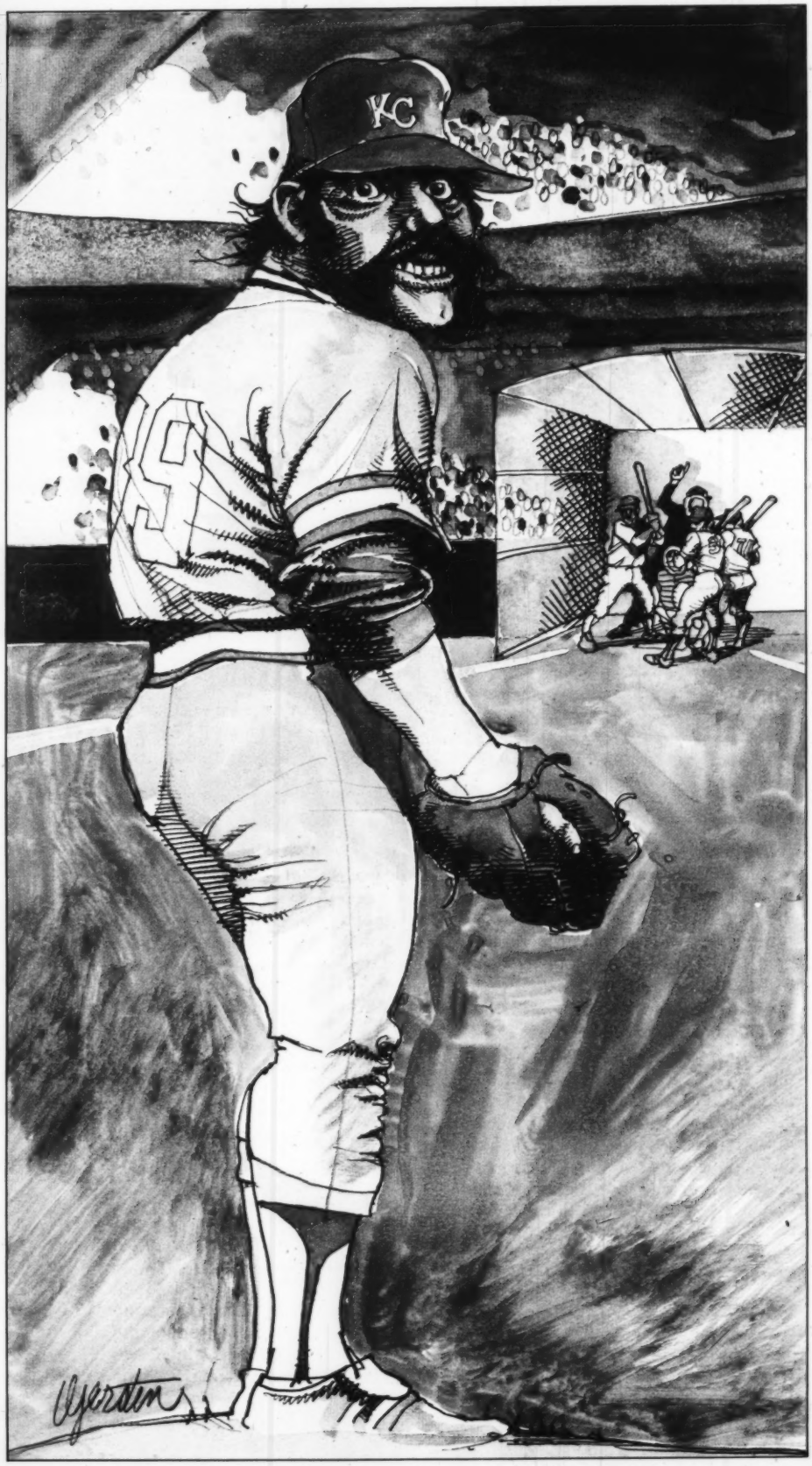
"I want them to think I'm so crazy, so sick, I just might stick the next one in their ear"
—Al Hrabosky



The Boys In the Bullpen

Relief pitchers, once baseball's forgotten men, are now hard to ignore. Al Hrabosky plays a maniac on the mound, Tug McGraw dusts his underarms with the rosin bag, and Sparky Lyle... well, Sparky Lyle likes to sit bare-assed on birthday cakes

by Jack Friedman

"Ninety percent of this game is 10 percent mental."
—Anonymous clubhouse wit

Skip Lockwood takes a sip of beer and a deep drag off his cigarette. He's just beginning to feel human again. Twenty minutes ago he threw a low, outside slider, a good pitch, to Tony Perez, a good hitter, and Perez lashed it to right for a game-winning double.

"I thought," deadpans Lockwood, "that good pitching beats good hitting. Christ," he shakes his head, "another useless cliche." Lockwood rises from his stool in the Mets' clubhouse and wearily strips off his uniform.

A couple of writers have suggested Lockwood "thinks too hard"—a crime ballplayers seldom commit. "Thinks too hard?" he ponders the phrase. "I don't think you *can* think too hard. Baseball, when you really analyze it, is a game within a game within a game. Especially for a relief pitcher." Skip Lockwood is widely considered the most astute and articulate reliever in the major leagues. And now he's thinking hard—and aloud—about his strange profession.

"That stuff about relief pitchers being a breed apart—I guess that's true," he says. "You've got to be psychologically suited to the role. You've got to be able to deal with the pressure."

The pressure. It's a constant, gnawing companion. The reliever has to be ready *every* day. He comes in only when the game is on the line. He is, in short, baseball's version of the dangling man.

"They call us 'firemen,'" says Lockwood, lighting another cigarette. "Dramatic but apt. You're supposed to save the game before it goes up in smoke. Put out the goddamned fire. Score tied, men on second and third, no outs: Your job is to punch out the next three guys. *And* keep the runs from scoring. Do it, you're the hero. Fail, you're the goat. It's that simple."

Lockwood pops open another beer. He talks of strategy, conditioning, fastballs, forkballs . . . but eventually he comes back to psychology. That's where relief pitching begins and ends.

"You've got to have a real killer instinct, you've got to want to go in there no matter how bad it looks. And you've got to have an ego, a very big ego, because it's always being tested."

"And how about crazy?" kibitzes a teammate. "You gotta be crazy, Skip?"

Lockwood, a man of serious if not scholarly mien, allows himself a smile. "I think the right word would be 'facade.' I think a lot of relief pitchers develop a crazy facade . . . and it's this facade that helps them deal with the pressure. Of course," his smile widens very slightly, "maybe it's only the crazies that want to be relief pitchers."

Ten years ago, nobody gave much thought to the inner game of the relief pitcher. Relievers were forgotten men; the bullpen was a place of exile, a gulag where the sore-armed vet on his way down passed the inexperienced kid on his way up. If a reliever showed any promise, he was immediately made into a starting pitcher. Starters won the glory, the ink and the fat contracts.

But in the past decade, baseball has seen a revolution in relief pitching—a quiet revolution but a palpable one nonetheless. With the increased specialization of the game, relief pitchers are now considered critical to a team's chances; without a "stopper" in the bullpen, you don't win pennants.

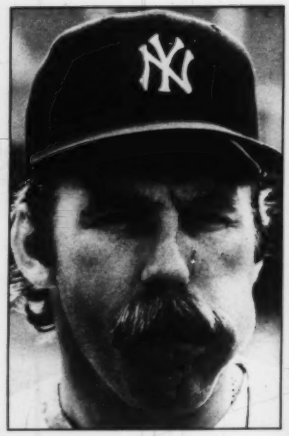
Consider the case of the Chicago Cubs. The Cubs have not won a pennant since 1945, and Chicago fans have even coined a phrase for their club's annual demise: the "June Swoon." That's when the sickening nose-dive usually starts. But last year's swoon didn't begin until August, and for a while it seemed it would never begin at all. From May 28 to August 5, the Cubs actually led the National League's Eastern Division—shocking themselves, their fans and bookmakers all over the country. Nobody had expected that kind of baseball from the lowly Cubs.

But then nobody had expected Bruce Sutter, a 24-year-old relief pitcher. Sutter began the season hot and got hotter as it went along. Until he injured his back in mid-July (he had already

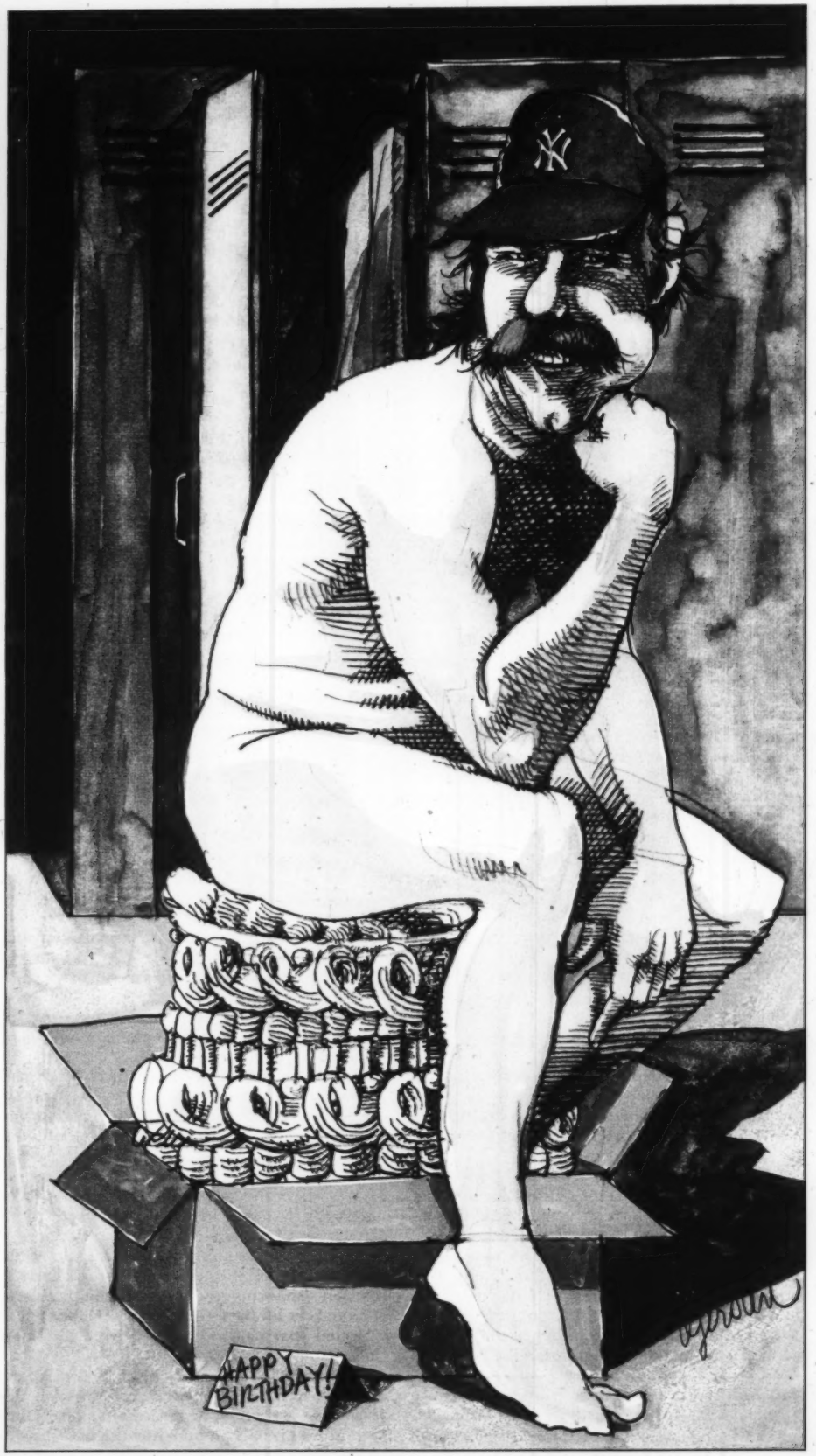
"They call us 'firemen'. Dramatic but apt"
—Skip Lockwood

Jack Friedman is a New York writer and editor who has no doubt the Yankees will win the pennant this year.

Illustrations by Gerry Gersten. Photograph opposite: Wide World; this page, by Richard Pilling



"When you start thinkin' is when you get your ass beat"
—Sparky Lyle



posted 24 saves), it looked as if the Cubs might actually go all the way. But once he went down, so did Chicago's hopes for that elusive pennant. Without Sutter in the bullpen, there was nobody to crush late-inning rallies. Nobody to keep the game close until the hitters could catch up. Without Sutter, the Cubs were defenseless. They finished the season 20 games out of first.

Even the teams that did win the pennant last year had to pay special attention to their relief corps as the '78 season approached. After losing last year's World Series—because of weak relief pitching, some say—the Los Angeles Dodgers went out and signed lefty reliever Terry Forster, their first free agent ever, to a 5-year, $850,000 contract. And the Yankees, after *winning* the World Series, spent $2,748,000 to sign right-handed reliever Rich Gossage to a 5-year pact. They also spent $1,200,000 to buy 5 years of Rawly Eastwick's services (but later traded him). It should be remembered that Sparky Lyle, last year's Cy Young Award winner, was already in the Yankee bullpen.

Hoary old baseball truism: You can never have enough pitching.

Newly emergent truism: You can never have enough relief pitching.

These days, minor leaguers are *groomed* to be relief pitchers, something unthinkable a decade ago. And as the training and status of the reliever increases, the starter's life has become easier—and the hitter's life infinitely more difficult. With a good bullpen behind him, the starter doesn't have to "pace" himself over the full nine innings; he can throw as hard as he can for as long as he can and still come away with the win. No longer are complete games the benchmark of a fine starting pitcher. As for the batter, he'll rarely get to see a tired arm in the late innings. To make matters worse, the reliever will probably have a different repertoire of pitches from the starter—which can thoroughly disrupt a batter's timing.

But perhaps the relief pitcher's greatest impact has been on strategy. These days, it's very much in vogue to play musical relief pitchers, especially in crucial moments when the slimmest edge can win or lose a game. Does the home team send up a left-handed pinch hitter? Then the visitors will play the percentages and send in a left-handed reliever. Does off-speed stuff give the guy at the plate the fits? Then bring in a junkballer. Does he have trouble picking up the ball when it's thrown by a gangly right-hander? Well, we got one of those in the bullpen. . . . It's no accident that there are so few .300 hitters around—despite the juiced-up baseball, the lowered pitching mound and righty-lefty "platoon" systems.

Increasingly, relievers are called "relief specialists." It's not just the customary hyperbole of the sporting press; the job *is* specialized, perhaps mentally even more so than physically.

The starter, for instance, knows he will pitch only once every four or five days. The reliever never knows when he will get the call. He may pitch every day for a week—or be idle for an entire week. The bullpen phone may ring, he may be told to warm up—and he might never enter the game. He may be brought in to face several hitters—or he might be yanked after the first batter in a lefty-righty switch.

Add these uncertainties to his one great certainty—that it will be heart-attack time when he finally gets to the mound—and what you have, psychologically speaking, is a high-risk occupation. That is especially true now, with pennant races in their final stages and the play-offs and World Series on the horizon. This is when the pressure to perform reaches its annual, gut-wrenching crescendo.

But despite the reliever's new-found respectability, despite the topsy-like proliferation of sports books, surprisingly little attention has been paid to the relief pitcher's role. And not much is known about the inner game the reliever plays—perhaps the richest inner game in baseball.

The Mad Hungarian

Al Hrabosky can feel the pressure mounting. It's the bottom of the ninth and the Kansas City Royals lead the Yankees by one run. Reggie Jackson is the batter. If he hits one out, the game is tied. Reggie Jackson, Hrabosky says to himself, *must be destroyed.*

This goal in mind, Hrabosky turns his back on the plate and stalks off the rubber. Halfway between second base and the pitching mound he freezes and enters some kind of trance. Al Hrabosky is "meditating," turning himself into "The Mad Hungarian." Mad as in angry. Mad as in deranged. The Mad Hungarian is *invincible, indomitable,* he *will* destroy Reggie Jackson.

Agog, Jackson watches from the batter's box. Never before has he seen such a spectacle. Hrabosky, his head down, his back to the plate, is rubbing up the baseball—not normally but furiously, as if trying to choke it to death. Fifteen seconds go by, 20. . . . Suddenly, Hrabosky slams the ball into his glove. His transformation complete, he spins to face Jackson. Eyes bulging, lips twisted into a malevolent grin, The Mad Hungarian now comes racing back to the mound.

Jackson goes down on three straight fastballs. Chris Chambliss and Graig Nettles also fall victim to The Mad Hungarian's "psy-war." Hrabosky has picked up another save for the Royals.

Who is The Mad Hungarian?

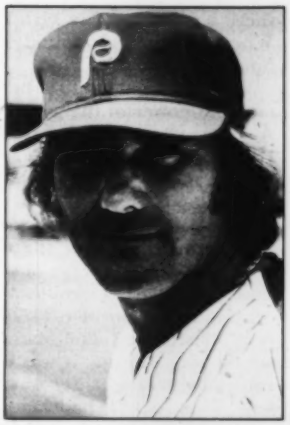
"An insanely demented maniac," says Al Hrabosky. "A dangerous lunatic who'll do anything to win."

At times, that seems a gross understatement.

A few weeks later, the Royals are back in town and Hrabosky (the H is silent) is sitting in the coffee shop of the New York Sheraton. Aside from his Vlad-the-Impaler mustache he seems, well, as normal as a Walton. He's eating a plate of bacon and eggs—not a bowl of entrails—and he's wearing an impeccably tailored suit, TV-blue shirt and fine silk tie. "My strait jacket," he says, "is still in the dry cleaners."

Hrabosky winks to let you know he's joking. Often, it's hard to tell. For Alan Thomas Hrabosky is an exceptionally talented con artist. So talented that he's even convinced himself he's The Mad Hungarian.

"I know it sounds schizo," he says, buttering an English muffin. "I know that basically I'm playing a role. But out there"—his hand sweeps toward some unseen baseball diamond—"out



A SOUPCON OF TUG McGRAW'S WIT AND WISDOM

On his second child:

"Once I learn how to do something I never forget"

On kids who want to be major leaguers:

"They should practice autographing baseballs. This is a skill that's often overlooked in Little League"

On the science of rooting:

"Root only for the winner. That way you won't be disappointed"

On his reputation for being a "flake":

"Me? I'm the Kellogg of flakes"

Photograph opposite by Tony Triolo/Sports Illustrated; this page, by John Iacono/Sports Illustrated

there I really am The Mad Hungarian. When I'm on the mound I believe in him 100 percent."

Well he might. Before he learned to tap "the power of the gypsy war gods," Al Hrabosky was one mediocre Magyar. He'd spent four years yo-yoing through the St. Louis Cardinals organization, from AA baseball to AAA to the bigs, then back again to AAA.

On June 11, 1974, the Cards were once again on the verge of sending him down. The date is significant, for it was on the afternoon of 6/11/74 that Hrabosky discovered The Mad Hungarian slumbering within. "It was in L.A.," he remembers, "the batter was Steve Garvey. That day I had nothing. Nada stuff."

With a fastball that was D.O.A. and an impending trip to the minors, Hrabosky found he just couldn't concentrate. So, for the first time in his career, he turned his back on the plate and walked off the mound. He thought of Garvey—he had to get him out. He thought of AAA—he *hated* AAA ball. Then he thought of the Cards—they were the ones who wanted to send him back to that soul-deadening existence!

Garvey struck out on three, Zen-perfect fastballs. And in the process, Al Hrabosky liberated his alter-ego, The Mad Hungarian. "What I discovered that day was controlled rage," Hrabosky says. "Manipulating every negative aspect of the moment into one positive reaction."

"Controlled rage" is Hrabosky's philosopher stone. It turns his stress, anxiety and outright fears into a moving, darting 95-mph fastball. Without it, Hrabosky says, The Mad Hungarian would be "merely human."

"What I do, I guess, is get myself psyched on hatred. Like the batter: Did he ever get a hit off me? Did he ever *humiliate* me with an RBI? I remember those things. And the fans: Do they hate my guts? Are they giving me a standing-boo-ovation? The more they boo, the more pumped-up it gets me. But the most important thing is my frustrations."

To hear Hrabosky tell it, he was a morbidly sensitive child—a child who suffered one baseball-related trauma after another. (He flunked Little League try-outs, never made his junior high school team, etc.) These traumas he calls his "frustrations." And his frustrations bring The Mad Hungarian to critical mass, put the sneer on his lips and the extra foot on his fastball.

"Hate, rage, *destroy*," Hrabosky laughs. He pops a shred of bacon into his mouth. "It's all got a reason. The emotion, the adrenaline gives me more power, greater confidence. And that insane look on my face when I turn around—it helps me crush a batter's ego."

Shorn, Then Reborn: Hrabosky as a sad Card (inset) and a happy Royal

Intimidation has always been a part of a pitcher's game, usually in the form of the high hard one or the knock-down pitch. Its purpose, of course, is to disrupt the batter's concentration. Although Hrabosky knocks hitters down with gleeful abandon, he's also added some new twists to this venerable art form. He glares at batters (his "laser beam of hatred"). He smirks when they chase a bad pitch. He gloats openly when they strike out; in the ball players' etiquette book, this is the equivalent of violating the incest taboo.

"What I want is to make them so mad at me they'll forget why they're up there. I want them to want to physically kill The Mad Hungarian. And another aspect"—Hrabosky's voice drops to a highly confidential level—"I want them to think I'm so crazy, so sick, I just might stick the next one in their ear."

Hrabosky's desire to be seen as legitimately loco has led him to do a number of legitimately loco things. Like the Gray Bird Business—which put him on the ASPCA's permanent enemies list. It began when a drunken Cubs' fan leaned over the bullpen railing at Chicago's Wrigley Field and placed a large, gray cockateel on Hrabosky's head. This, supposedly, to test the mettle of The Mad Hungarian.

"What would *you* do?" Hrabosky asks. "I'm holding this big gray bird and the damn thing starts to bite me—right on my pitching hand! So I get this great idea. . . ."

Hrabosky's great idea was to give the bird a taste of its own medicine. Only he planned to up the ante: bite the bird's head off, swallow it, and throw the feathery cadaver back into the stands.

"I figured it would really establish my reputation. Improve my image. . . I mean blacken it."

The game had to be stopped as the Cards, the Cubs, the umpires and a handful of soft-hearted fans. (Many were chanting, "Bite. . . Bite. . . Bite. . .") argued Hrabosky out of his plan.

Later in the '74 season, and also at Wrigley Field, The Mad Hungarian proved to one and all that he really *was* a bit askew. He performed perhaps the most singular feat of his career—the infamous "three-man knock-down pitch," which nearly precipitated a riot.

Bill Madlock was the Cubs' batter and—fed up with Hrabosky's contrived rages—he stepped out every time Hrabosky was ready to pitch. This game of Alphonse/Gaston continued until Shag Crawford, the umpire, *ordered* Madlock into the batter's box. He refused and Hrabosky let fly—strike one. Quickly, strikes two and three followed. With Madlock still arguing, up stepped Jose Cardenal. That made two batters—one righty, one lefty. Then Jim Marshall, the Cubs' manager, came running up to debate the legality of the Madlock strikeout.

Hrabosky, who had his back to the action, turned and saw not one but *three* enemy uniforms clustered around the plate. Infuriated by this unnatural sight, he uncorked his best fastball, knocking down Madlock, Marshall and Cardenal.

"The good old days," he sighs, pushing away his breakfast dishes. "I used to love playing for St. Louis."

Hrabosky was as much an institution in St. Louis as Anheuser-Busch. The Cards mounted a hugely successful "I Hlove Hrabosky Hbanner Hday." "I Hlove Hrabosky" bumper stickers were as common as license plates.

But then Vern Rapp became manager of the Cards, and between Rapp and Hrabosky there was little more than mutual Hhatred. Rapp, a strict disciplinarian, banned facial hair for the duration of the '77 season. This prompted Hrabosky to utter one of the classier lines in sports history. "How can I intimidate batters," he complained to reporters, "if I look like a goddamn *golf pro*."

Photographs: Wide World

He found that he couldn't. In 1977 he posted an abysmal six wins, ten saves, and an ERA of 4.40. "It was more than the mustache," says Hrabosky. "There were a lot of other things. Turmoil, tension... Vern told me there were only two statements I could make to the press: 'No comment' and 'Don't worry, Vern knows what he's doing.'"

Rapp knew enough to manage the demoralized Cards to a finish, 18 games off the pace. He was fired at the beginning of the '78 season and Hrabosky, one of his most outspoken critics, was traded to the Kansas City Royals. It's a move that Hrabosky characterizes as "life-saving."

"I like my teammates, I like the K.C. fans, I even like the management. It shows in my stats—which are back where they should be. But there is this one problem." Hrabosky is obviously embarrassed to talk about it. His "problem" has to be dragged out of him.

"Well, it's the American League fans. Most of them don't know that I'm a villain. They don't know they're supposed to boo me. In fact," his voice becomes genuinely incredulous, "the first time I was in New York the Yankee fans cheered me. Can you believe that?"

The Power of Positive Non-Thinking

The bullpen car glides to a halt and out steps Sparky Lyle, relief pitching's natural aristocrat. First, he drops his jacket on the bat boy's waiting arm—the insouciance is overwhelming. Then, *ever* so casually, he strolls to the mound. When he checks the runner on third you can sense the ennui.

Catcher Thurman Munson flashes him the sign—a mere formality. Lyle nods back—it's only polite. Were it not for the huge chaw of tobacco in his face he'd be perfectly at home in the Monte Carlo casino.

Lyle winds, he kicks....

What's going through his mind? Is it chemin de fer? A champagne supper?

"Nuthin'," says Sparky Lyle. "Absolutely nuthin'. When you start thinkin' is when you get your ass beat."

When the history of the relief pitching revolution is finally written, two men will figure most prominently: Mike Marshall and Sparky Lyle. Were it not for them—and the breakthroughs they engineered—life would still be a cold, comfortless proposition for the boys in the bullpen.

In 1974, Marshall became the first reliever ever to win the Cy Young Award. To do so, he had to explode one of the most cherished myths about relief pitchers: they couldn't be used often enough to make a real difference to a team; they "burned out" if used on a regular basis. Marshall, with a doctorate in kinesiology (muscle movement), knew better. He insisted he could pitch whenever he wanted, every day if necessary. And he proved his point by appearing in 92 games for the Montreal Expos in 1973—a major-league record—and then breaking his own record the following year with 106 appearances for the Dodgers. Marshall picked up 31 saves in 1973, 21 in 1974. What allowed him to perform such miracles was a tough, year-round conditioning program (still a radical notion in baseball circles).

As for Sparky Lyle, last year he became the first reliever to win the Cy Young Award in the American League. And, like Marshall, in doing so he exposed a bullpen canard: that relief pitchers are "erratic"; that good years are invariably followed by bad years. For the past 13 seasons Lyle has been consistent—and consistently good. Last year was a fine one for him (26 saves), but not much finer than most others.

American League president Lee MacPhail has called Lyle "the greatest relief pitcher of the modern era." It's hard to quibble with that assessment. As of mid-September, Lyle had appeared in 676 major league games. At age 34, he already has 209 saves; Hoyt Wilhelm, who was 49 when he retired, is the all-time leader with 227. Lyle's career ERA is a quite stunning 2.52.

If Lyle is indeed the greatest reliever of the modern era, at least part of the reason is his temperament: He doesn't exactly have one. His reaction to a heroic win or a heartbreaking loss is exactly the same—instant and total amnesia.

"Good ones, bad ones, it don't matter. I forget 'em the minute the game is over," Lyle says. You get too high, you get too low, you start to make mistakes."

And perhaps even more remarkable is the amnesia that occurs when he's on the mound. "When I get outta the car I'm oblivious to what's goin' on. The fans hollerin', the importance of the game—I just ignore that shit."

Lyle, in athletic supporter and sanitary socks, is sitting in front of his locker in the Yankee clubhouse. For the past half hour he's been discussing the pressure which, in his view, "doesn't really exist—unless, of course, you want it to.

"A guy like Hrabosky, for instance, he uses the pressure to get himself psyched or whatnot. It works for him, fine, that's his way. But for me the big thing is not thinkin'."

Keats called it "negative capability," the talent for working under "mystery, doubt and uncertainty." To Lyle, it's simply "getting rid of the extraneous crap."

"It's like the crowd ain't there, the batter ain't there, it's just me, alone. It's not like my mind is completely off—I still know what to do with the ball if it's hit to me—it's that I'm not busy *worryin'*." Lyle shakes his head. Sometimes he even amazes himself with his non-thinking prowess. "You know, usually I don't even notice who in hell I'm pitchin' to. I'm just out there throwin' the fucking slider."

Sparky Lyle was the first of the true relief specialists. He came up in the Boston organization and the Sox had the prescience to groom him solely as a reliever. In his career he has never started a game.

It was in the Boston spring training camp of 1965 that Lyle had one of those random, life-changing encounters. After a particularly grueling game against a college team, he was approached by the Red Sox's batting coach. The name of the coach was Ted Williams.

"Kid," said the perfect master of hitting, "you know what the best pitch in baseball is?"

Lyle, a 20-year-old rookie, kept his mouth shut. This was obviously a rhetorical question.

"Kid, the best pitch in baseball is the slider. Not even *I* could hit it consistently. Not even when I *knew* it was coming. Learn to throw it and you'll be a major leaguer."

So Lyle went out and worked on the slider. Two years later he was indeed a major-league pitcher.

"Williams didn't teach me how to throw it," Lyle says. "But he told me how it acted. I had to figure out how to make a pitch act that way." Lyle reaches into his locker for a baseball. He grips it with his fingers running with the seams then cocks his arm. "I don't break my wrist or nuthin'. I just sorta pull down on the ball, like pulling down a shade."

He gives up. It's impossible to explain Sparky Lyle's slider. It's like none other in baseball. It's not "cute" or "tricky," the way most are; it's downright *vicious*. The bottom seems to drop out as it skitters across the plate. Just how vicious it is can be gauged by the fact that it's his only real pitch. He almost always throws the slider and he *always* tries to put it in exactly the same spot: down and in to right-handers, down and away from left-handers. Still, it baffles hitters.

All relievers have an "out pitch," a pitch they will rely on for a third strike, a pop-up, a ground ball. In order for that out pitch to be effective—be it slider, screwball or even a blazing fastball—they must have at least one other pitch in their repertoire. Something to keep the batter guessing, something to keep him off balance. At least that's the conventional wisdom. Lyle doesn't have that other pitch. His fastball is negligible and his curve has yet to be seen.

"I guess the slider is just real tough to hit the way I throw it. Or else"—the idea breaks him up—"or else I'm a natural."

If he's not, then neither was Willie Mays. Lyle's one-pitch repertoire is perfectly suited to the relief role. When his slider is working, when he's really get-

ting it in at the knees, batters tend to hit it on the ground—providing tailor-made double-play balls in those sticky, men-on-base situations. Even when his slider isn't working it's mystifying; when he gets "too much on top of it the damn thing turns into a screwball," meaning that it breaks like a right-hander's curve ball. Hitters don't care for such ugly surprises.

Lyle routinely ignores all the traditional devices that relief pitchers use to find a mental edge—like watching batting practice to spot "flaws" or "blind-spots" in the opposing batters; like sitting in the dugout until the sixth inning to immerse oneself in the "flow" of the game; like constantly going over the hitters' weaknesses as if they were a string of worry beads.

During games, McGraw has had take-out pizzas delivered to the bullpen

"Tell me," Lyle says, "What the fuck do I gotta think about if I only got one damn pitch. Where's it gonna get me?" Lyle steps into his baseball pants and grabs a pair of cleats. He pulls a lead baseball from his locker and begins to flex his arm.

"To me, the key to this game is concentration and I get that concentration by bein' loose. By not thinkin' and not worryin' out there. Marshall's like that.

"But then you got other guys—like a Hrabosky or a Tug McGraw—they *use* the pressure to get themselves all jacked-up, psyched or whatnot. That's the way they concentrate." Lyle shrugs. "Me, I believe in bein' loose."

But Lyle has not been his usual loose self in the clubhouse this year. Known as a ferocious practical joker, he's been strangely subdued. He hasn't once put "White Heat" arm liniment in Yogi Berra's toothpaste. He hasn't risen from a coffin, made-up as Count Dracula, in the middle of a team meeting—as he did once in 1976. And he has yet to sit in a birthday cake, a Lyle speciality. (Fans like to send ballplayers birthday cakes and Lyle discovered one day that he enjoyed sitting on them. "It got to the point where I'd see any kind of pastry—even a cupcake—and I'd whip off my pants and sit down.")

He has been upset since spring training—since the arrival of Rich Gossage, the $2.7 million relief pitcher. Lyle is making an estimated $165,000 per annum, yet money is not the real problem.

The problem is ego—the "very, very big ego" that Skip Lockwood says is necessary in a major league relief pitcher. With the acquisition of the flame-throwing Gossage, Lyle is now the number-two man in the Yankee bullpen. Now it's Gossage who gets the call when the Yankees are on the precipice. It's Gossage who the Yankees live and die with. Lyle still gets his work, but it tends to come in the middle innings, before Gossage, and it's not the same. His ego has been badly battered and it shows in his stats: nine wins, three losses, eight saves and a 3.27 ERA. Very respectable numbers for most relievers, but embarrassing for the best relief pitcher of the modern era. It's one of those too-neat ironies that Lyle, who set the stage for $2.7 million relief pitchers, has now been supplanted by one.

Lyle and Gossage genuinely like each other. They genuinely respect each other. They're said to be good friends. But as one New York sportswriter put it, "having them in the same bullpen is like having Roger Staubach and Ken Stabler on the same team. The situation was not going to work for whomever was number two. And Lyle is number two."

What Lyle wants to be is number one. And he's been praying for a trade that will take him far away from the Bronx Zoo. But he says, "I don't want to talk about that. After I'm traded, if I'm traded, I'll talk."

What he will talk about—at great length and with great feeling—is his Cy Young Award. When it's mentioned he goes from the tight Sparky Lyle to the loose Sparky of old.

"Shit yeah, I was glad to get it. First off, 'cause you like to be recognized for what you do to help a club—no one likes their work to be ignored. And then I was glad for relief pitchers in general. They been in the shadows a long time, too long, and my getting the award shows that's changing more and more."

Asked if he thinks he'll make it to the Hall of Fame—the smart money says he'll be the first relief pitcher to get there—Lyle just laughs.

"Shit man, it ain't changed that much. Not yet."

"You Gotta Believe"

It's the final game of the 1977 National League play-offs and Tug McGraw has just come in from the bullpen. The Dodgers have men on base and the heart of their batting order is due up. McGraw is tense. He's *always* tense when he's pitching, but this is a special kind of stress; the next few innings will decide who goes to the World Series.

McGraw finishes his warm-up tosses. Now he reaches for the rosin bag. Before he knows exactly what he's doing he's dusting his underarms with it—dusting them in a rather dainty fashion. In front of a prime-time TV audience. With men on base. In the most important game of the year. Suddenly, McGraw is relaxed and ready to pitch. The Dodgers and Phillies, though, must take time to compose themselves. Both teams are choking with laughter.

Tug McGraw is a screwball pitcher. Literally and metaphorically.

Cavanaugh's is a low-rent bar in West Philadelphia. In the back, in a dimly lit booth, sits Tug McGraw and two writers.

"What'll it be?" asks the waitress.

"Dewar's on the rocks."

"Johnnie Red and a splash."

"Black coffee for me," McGraw says. "I'm playing tonight."

The waitress and the writers share a sympathetic smile. For the past 12 hours it has been raining with an almost biblical intensity. No one in Philadelphia expects there will be a game tonight . . . except for Tug McGraw.

"Tug," says a writer, "you're a pathological optimist."

"A what?"

"If there were a nuclear war you'd see silver linings in all the mushroom clouds."

McGraw grins his more-Irish-than-thou grin. "I'll admit I'm a little enthusiastic."

Tug McGraw is also funny, flaky and quotable, but enthusiastic is the most essential adjective. Even when he was at his mother's breast this quality was abundantly evident. "That's how I get my nickname 'Tug.' Short for 'The Tugger.'"

McGraw first came up to the Mets in 1964. Until 1969, the Mets kept sending him down for "seasoning." And in no small part, this was due to his outrageously ebullient nature.

"That was an era," McGraw recalls, "when everybody wanted their pitchers to be 'poised.' You know, like you carry your glove to the mound in an attache case and you go to work like some kind of IBM executive. Well, I was never like that."

McGraw, in fact, was like nothing the Mets management had ever seen. They had experienced super-flakes before (Choo Choo Coleman, "Marvelous" Marv Throneberry, et al), but never a meta-flake like McGraw. Before the game he would "practice the national anthem" by standing at full attention (hat over heart) in the outfield. During the game he liked to have take-out pizzas delivered to the bullpen. And even once he got *into* the game—in full public view—he was about as stable as 200 pounds of U-235.

"But what really tore it for me was the Grand-Slam Single," McGraw says. "That was definitely the low point in my career."

The Mets, then as now, were an unspeakably atrocious ball club. Although

Casey Stengel was no longer their manager, his description of the "Amazings" still fit: "They taught me more ways to lose than I ever knew existed."

L'Affaire Grand-Slam Single took place in 1965, during an afternoon game in Pittsburgh. McGraw was on the mound, the Pirates had the bases loaded, and Don Clendenon was at the plate. Clendenon hit a soft bouncer up the middle, a sure out. The Met shortstop dove for the ball—and missed. The second baseman dove—and missed. Two runs scored. The centerfielder then booted the ball and overthrew the cutoff man by ten feet. Three runs.

Clendenon rounded third and headed for home. *Why not?* This time the ball was pegged into deep right field. Clendenon trotted home with the fourth run of a sure out.

McGraw's reaction to this travesty of baseball was not "poised" but it was understandable: He threw the ball as high into the air as he could. He followed suit with his cap and his glove. He had already undone the first three buttons of his uniform shirt when Wes Westrum, the manager, ambled out for a chat.

"Tug, I'm takin' you out."

"But I ain't pitching that bad."

"I'm takin' you out," said Westrum, "on account of immaturity."

McGraw spent most of 1967 and all of 1968 in AAA. In 1969 he returned to the majors for good, bringing with him a new weapon—a devastating screwball. Over the next five years he helped the Mets to two penants—the '69 "Miracle Mets" and the '73 "You gotta believe" Mets (McGraw coined the slogan)—and established himself as one of the game's premier relievers. But the rap against him still stood. *Immaturity.* In 1974 he had an off-year, which was precisely what the front office had been waiting for. The next year, the immature, unpoised McGraw was traded to Philadelphia.

"The Mets," never understood me," says McGraw. "I'm an emotional ballplayer and unless I express that emotion—right then and there—I can't perform."

McGraw orders another cup of coffee, the writer, another drink and talk turns to last night's Phillies-Giants game. McGraw was dazzling in picking up the save: He struck out Willie McCovey twice and Jack Clark once in situations that could best be characterized as hair-raising.

"I looked cool out there, huh?"

"You sure did, Tug."

"Man, I thought it was midlife crisis."

McGraw is one of the few relief pitchers who will openly discuss the pressure. For most, it's simply too intimate a subject. But for McGraw, a compulsively free spirit, the pressure is endlessly fascinating. He's been a pro for 14 years and it *still* gets to him.

"It's weird," he says. "Every night it's the same thing. Up till the sixth [inning] I'm fine. In my mind I'm busy going over the hitters. But after the sixth I find I'm nervous, especially if I think I'm going in. And when the phone rings and they say 'Get McGraw up'... Jesus. It's like I've never done this before: butterflies, fluttering heartbeat, the sweats. Sometimes when I get out of the bullpen car my knees are so weak I don't know if I can make it to the mound."

"Why do you do it," one of the writers asks, "if it's so damn scary?"

"There are different kinds of scared," he explains. "This kind is like a kid on a roller coaster. It's an *exhilarating* fear. And I can usually control it if my mind is in the right place."

The phenomenon has yet to acquire a name but most athletes—most successful athletes, that is—develop a mental routine which allows them to function at their physical peak. Somewhere between precognition and positive thinking, this routine involves imagining an action before the actual attempt is made. With McGraw, it begins by thinking of himself as a painter.

"Only I'm not using a brush, I'm using a baseball. And what I'm painting in my head is a picture of a strikeout. Fastball in at the hands"—he throws a phantom pitch across Cavanaugh's bar—"strike one. Curve over the outside corner"—his arm cuts through the air, his wrist breaks sharply to the left—"strike two. Screwgie down and in..." McGraw's arm stops in mid-delivery. Suddenly he's self-conscious. Throwing imaginary baseballs attracts a lot of attention in a place like Cavanaugh's.

"When I can get deeply into that frame of mind I become unconscious of the pressure," he says.

"And when you can't get into that frame of mind?"

"That's when Tug McGraw becomes a flake. Like in last year's play-offs: I was *tight* when I came in. I did that thing with the rosin bag and then I was *loose*, I could concentrate. It's funny: When I'm that kind of nervous I never know what I'm going to do. But I'll *always* do something to break the tension. And I never know what it is till after I've done it. The thing is completely spontaneous. I want you to know that I was talkin' to baseballs *long* before this kid Fidrych."

McGraw checks his watch. It's time to get to the ball park. Outside it's still pouring, but Tug "You Gotta Believe" McGraw insists the weathermen and their predictions are all wrong. The rain will stop. He'll simply paint a mental picture of a nice, dry evening. He picks up the check. "And when was the last time you heard of a ballplayer buying a writer a drink?" he says.

By seven the storm has let up. Four hours later, McGraw goes home with another save. ●

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Rebel Without a Pause

For the manchild of Taos, Hollywood and Dodge City, the ride is never easy

by Mark Goodman

When Dennis Hopper first moved to Taos in 1970, it was something less than the social utopia that D.H. Lawrence and Mabel Dodge had envisioned when they arrived in these New Mexican highlands in the 1920s. No fewer than 30 hippie communes had blossomed here on the highest plateau west of Tibet, but their flowered love was not returned by the local police or the tough high school Chicanos. In what must be the grisliest example of insult to injury on recent American record, gangs of young machos were castrating the boys and raping their girl friends. And that's when Dennis Hopper, of the Dodge City Hoppers, took charge.

He and I are sitting at the Sagebrush Inn bar, sucking on cans of Coors at high noon, as he recalls Taos' Time of Troubles: "It was bad when I came here, man, really bad. Suddenly there was me, this movie freak, with my brother and all these hippies around, and the locals didn't dig it. Every time my brother and I would walk into town these cars would come swinging around us with guys leaning out yelling, 'Hey, man, we're gonna rape your wife and your sister!'"

Hopper's cobalt blue eyes glitter in the shadows of the bar. "Hippies would be hitchhiking," he continues in a voice of whiskey gravel, "and when the cops spotted them, they'd call the football team and those guys would come beat the shit out of them while the cops were watching. After a while they'd blow their sirens, and when the high school kids had disappeared, they'd arrest the hippies. And it's true, man, the guys were getting mutilated and the girls raped. Finally one night I said, 'Fuck it,' and got a gun and put it in the back seat of the car. So sure enough, a bunch of kids stopped me and my brother, like they were going to ask directions.'"

Hopper pauses, takes a deep swig from his can and barks a short nervous laugh. "Anyway, I got out with the gun in my hand and said, 'Okay, everybody up against the wall.' By the time my brother had called the police, there was a lynch mob out there of a good 150 people wantin' to hang our asses. It looked like a scene out of *Viva Zapata*—pitchforks, machetes, the works. Pretty soon the police showed up—and arrested me and my brother. That cut it. After we were released the next day, I went into the local sporting goods store and bought every gun in the place. Then I called some stunt men buddies of mine in Hollywood and said, 'Look, I need your help, 'cause the staties here sure aren't going to help me.' I also asked for federal help, but that was a joke. Turns out the guys running the general store were undercover feds checking out the communes."

Hopper is grousing about the perfidy of the state, but one suspects he really liked it that way: the Lonely Gun, taking on the local *comancheros* with only a few loyal hands at his side. "So we set up machine-gun nests and rifles on the rooftops—good fields of fire. Then I went into the high school and told those kids, 'Look, I'm here, and here I'm going to stay. What's more, there are more freaks coming in over the next few months, and though they may have long hair, they are not the love generation. They're back from Viet Nam, and they're hard dudes.'" Hopper wipes the beer from his mustache. "I explained to them, 'Macho is macho, and if this keeps up, somebody is going to get hurt around here. Just because these hippies are dropping acid, that doesn't give you the right to rape their women and cut their balls off.'

"Well, they listened, and they finally got the message. After that I got involved in community activities, and things finally cooled down."

So it was that Dennis Hopper, Hollywood's most feared guerrilla of the sixties, retreated into his mountain redoubt, there to lick his wounds and plot his return. The wounds were deep. In 1956 he had caught everyone's attention as Rock and Liz's son the doctor in *Giant*. But a year later, director Henry Hathaway, murderously exasperated after shooting a scene of *From Hell to Texas* 86 times, told Hopper, "Kid, there's one thing I can promise you: You'll never work in this town again." Hopper in fact, scarcely worked for the next eight years; only his marriage to Brooke (*Haywire*) Hayward saved him from total extinction. Then, in 1968, Peter Fonda, another outcast surviving only on family connections, asked Hopper to help write as well as direct and co-star in a doubtful enterprise called *Easy Rider*. The results were seismic. Hopper and Fonda's movie was not only the most combustible American screen epic ever, but it dared to reverse 50 years of Hollywood mythmaking. Here the hard-eyed vagrants were gentle, existential giants; the simple, pious townsfolk, bleak-spirited dry-gulchers. In 1969 that seemed all it might take to blow our purple mountain's majesty all across the fruited plain. Yet the film grossed some $25 million, and in Hollywood that would gain Ho Chi Minh himself a booth and a private phone at the Polo Lounge. Hopper belonged again.

But not for long. Universal Studios put up a total of $1.1 million and sent him off to the Andes to make something called *The Last Movie*, even giving him the ultimate filmmaking privilege of final cut. The cast included Hopper and some of his rowdiest Hollywood outlaw sidekicks: Jim Mitchum, John Philip Law, Russ Tamblyn, Dean Stockwell and Fonda. It is moot whether the production or the final product was the larger calamity. Coke blanketed the location like an Andean snowfall and Hopper was very nearly kicked out of Peru for making allegedly inflammatory statements to radical students. Dennis managed to stay long enough to grab a local who was pestering him and smash his head through a coffee table—and, incidentally, to finish filming the movie. He then spent two years editing the film. It is an act of cryptic charity merely to say that film bombed. Hopper doused his Hollywood campfires in the night, and stole off to the mountains. He had made, for the time being, his last movie.

Hopper is eager to show off his Taos. We leave the Sagebrush Inn (where Georgia O'Keeffe once had a studio) for a tour of the town. Hopper drives a

Hopper, Natalie Wood, James Dean: "Jimmy, Jimmy, which star are you?"

nicely battered pickup truck, complete with cracked windshield. He blends in well with the harsh mountain scenery: Well-weathered dungarees and jacket, perennially rolled cowboy hat, ravaged boots, ravaged face, burning blue eyes staring intently over a sharp, hooked nose and a fierce red mustache, facing down a hostile world. Where once he was plump, at 42 he is now lean, hard, and prickly as cactus. He reminds me of someone from a distant, fantasy past, and as I grope through childhood memories, I finally grasp it: Dennis Hopper looks like a grown-up, more or less real-life version of Yosemite Sam.

In 1969, it seemed that *Easy Rider* might just blow our purple mountain majesties all across the fruited plain

On the road, Hopper squints through a blinding prism of sun and dust; he would no more wear dark glasses than he would carry a Gucci tote bag. The town itself is determinedly picturesque, an open quadrangle of one-story adobe buildings facing an ancient fountain. Another pickup stops us, and a bronzed, crinkled Indian head thrusts toward Hopper. "Hey, pardner!" the man yells at Dennis. "We got those buffalo steaks for you out at my place." Dennis replies, "You're on, man. How're you'all doin' out there, anyway?" After a few more rustic pleasantries, we pull into a side street in front of brother David's jewelry shop. David's not around, but his hip-mountaineer shopkeeper obediently trots out some of their choice pieces. "He's got 35 local artists working for him," says Dennis, with evident pride. "Just look at some of that work."

Indeed, the craftwork is magnificent, bracelets and necklaces intricately beaded and bejeweled. Me, the Eastern *naif*, thinks about picking up a trinket for my daughter. Turns out, Elizabeth can either have this necklace or go to school for the next four years. Price: $8,700.

The next stop is La Cocina, a favorite Mexican restaurant. During lunch Hopper's visiting compadres troop in: singer Neil Young, actors Stockwell and Tamblyn. Young, draped in a serape, is instantly recognizable, but only the most astute movie buffs would spot *The Boy with Green Hair* or the acrobatic faun of *West Side Story*. Stockwell favors a mustache and goatee, serape and plumed Western hat; Tamblyn, in a sheepskin jacket, has a mustache and a reddish-blond afro, and weighs close to 200 pounds. The trio is in town to scout locations for a film, provocatively titled *Human Highway*.

Stockwell and Tamblyn swap stories about a mutual leading lady of past movies, but Hopper prefers to rummage through Hollywood mythology for his tales. "One of my favorites is about John Barrymore and John Carradine," he recalls. Everyone listens up; Hopper has the raconteur's gift. "Seems Barrymore was pissed because he thought Carradine was always imitating him. So he went through this huge charade to set up a phony screen test. Carradine was supposed to come out of the men's room, wipe his mouth and exit right. Well, they marched him through 28 takes, and Carradine was really getting pissed. Finally, on the 29th take, Barrymore sneaks into the scene so's Carradine can't notice. Carradine comes out, wipes his mouth—and there's Barrymore right behind him, grinning like a satyr—and zipping up his fly." Hopper claps his hands and howls in glee. "Those guys were beautiful—they really knew how to do it."

As we drive out toward Hopper's place, he points out the courthouse. "See how funny it looks? It was built backward! The architect didn't catch it until it was too late—they just went ahead and finished it the way they started. That's Taos, man!"

We turn off the main highway and onto a dirt road that will lead us to the Mabel Dodge complex of adobe houses where Hopper lives. He explains that he used to own Dodge's main house, but sold it in January and moved into a nearby house that actually sits on Indian land. I asked him what drew him there. "The mountains, man, the mountains," he says. "I never really felt like I had a home before, but now I do. I believe in the Indian way—whatever that means. It's like, a rock is a rock, a mountain is a mountain, water is water. . . ."

Primitive wisdom is often oversold; even Freud would concede that a rock is sometimes just a rock. Yet there is something elemental and arresting about Hopper's presence here. Just as Fellini thrives on juxtaposing pre-Christian and post-Christian Rome, so we have here the phantasmagoria of pre-civilization America, where the ghosts of painted tribes are said to walk, being inhabited by this savage totem of post-civilization America. Images old and new comingle. . . Hopper, fire-tempered warrior, his bloody lance brandished against the sienna sky, calling his enemies to battle in a tongue ancient and terrible. . . .

Dennis also has a rather more practi-

Photograph: Movie Star News

cal reason for his present abode. "It's cool living on Indian land," he says, "because if you get juiced up in town and get into trouble, the local cops can't touch you. Dig this, man, the *feds* have to come out. They have to stand on this side of that little bridge"—he points to the rickety structure that connects his house with the main complex—"and they're kind of embarrassed, see?" Bark

Hopper provided a measure of the misery that inspired *Haywire*, a karate chop to the nose being the merest preliminary

of laughter, then he mimics a civil-service voice. "Er-ah-Mr. Hopper, could you *possibly* come over here for just a moment?"

Dennis slams on the brakes in front of his house. A writer once said of Hopper's house in Hollywood that it was "the Prado of Pop," and Hopper clearly has transferred that concept to his adobe dwelling on the outskirts of Taos. The tiny dirt courtyard is decorated with Mobil and Pennzoil signs, filched signal lights, blue-and-white slot benches, an antique wooden stove and, on the stone porch, a dilapidated rocker. The two-story interior I can only describe as Aging Radical Gothic: Pop art of Mao and Monroe, maps of the U.S. with Dennis and Fonda astride the land on their famous bikes, a PCI flag with hammer and sickle. There are Indian drums, serapes, madonnas, African devil masks, quotes from the Torah and Jesus on the cross in terrifying surrealism. Legend has it that Hopper once found a portrait of Jesus that looked exactly like him, then took it everywhere he went in the certainty that, like Christ, he would die in his 33rd year. As one of his friends put it, "I'm not sure if he was relieved or sorry when he turned 34."

Whatever else is said about Hopper, the very premise of his life is his wild, holy, uncompromised vision of film as the New Testament of the 20th century. Hear his passion, as he once expressed it in a remembrance of his youth: "When I was little, I lived on a farm near Dodge City, Kansas. Wheat fields all around, as far as you could see. No neighbors, no other kids. Just a train that came through once a day. I used to spend hours wondering where it came from and where it went to. Then when I was about five my grandmother put some eggs in her apron and we walked five miles to town and she sold the eggs and took me to my first movie. And right away it hit me—the places I was seeing on the screen were the places the train came from and went to! The world on the screen was the real world, and I felt as if my heart would explode I wanted so much to be a part of it. I hate to make movies. But I've got to do it. It justifies my existence. If I couldn't, I'd destroy myself."

He was the son of a rock-willed, Fundamentalist mother and a father for whom life seems to have lost its glory once his World War II days with the OSS in China were done. The parents were at each other's throats constantly, and young Dennis would not forgive them for it. "I ran away from home probably more than anyone," he says. Then: "Aw, not really, but I ran away a couple of times." It was brother David's bronchial asthma that brought Dennis within reasonable proximity of Oz; when he was 13, the family moved to San Diego. Hopper began doing Shakespeare at San Diego's Old Globe Theater, and invited actress Dorothy McGuire to watch. Her tutelage and his own intensity won Dennis a Warner contract at the vernal age of 18. "I was really into sports, too," he recalls. "I played baseball, boxed a bit. I imagine that if I had grown up in Italy, I would have been a race driver. Spain or Mexico, I might have been a bullfighter. I know I ruled out normal work. I wanted to be an artist, poet, something that would last. Guys like Van Gogh, Gauguin, Rimbaud, they gave me faith because their lives were tragic ruins, but they would still be remembered centuries later."

The telephone rings. It is his father on the line. Dennis calls downstairs, to Gigi Gray, his personal secretary, to pick up the phone. "Dad, how are you?. . . Listen, Dad, I need that typewriter, I've got to get going on this screenplay . . . Dad, do you know anything about capital gains? I'm thinking of taking the money from the sale of the house and putting it into the theater here. . .Gigi, you're going to have to handle this stuff, I'm worthless at money. . .Yeah, hi, Mom, I love you . . . yeah, yeah, I know, Mom. . .I'm a weird guy, but what the fuck. . . ."

He reminds his father again of the typewriter, then hangs up and returns to his youth. "As a kid I was hooked on Westerns, but when I met Dean on the set of *Rebel Without A Cause* I started going to European movies. I liked the idea of hand-held cameras and open spaces. We were locked into four walls in those days. Truffaut and Godard taught us to bolt the studio doors and go out and shoot."

But it was James Dean who taught him fully to appreciate his craft. The awe is still there in Hopper's jaded voice. "He was the most talented person I've ever seen. I thought I was potentially the best actor in the world. Then I saw Dean and realized I didn't know shit from shinola. I finally grabbed him one day and said, 'Hey, man, you're so much better than me I don't know what's happening.' We got to be tight friends. He told me about his mother dying and how he used to cry on her grave, and how those tears turned to resentment that she had deserted him. I told him how much I hated the regimentation of my home life. We both realized after a while that it was that love-hate that drove us."

It was said that Dean's death so obsessed Hopper that he carried Dean's ring with him always, that one night he

Hopper and Brooke Hayward: "I'm not sure I actually *broke* her nose"

Photograph: Movie Star News

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Peter Fonda and Hopper: Reversing 50 years of Hollywood mythmaking

and James Bridges (director of *September 30, 1955*) stood together atop Laurel Canyon crying, "Jimmy, Jimmy, which star are you?" Now Hopper pauses for a long moment. "Remembering him isn't as hard these days as it used to be. But after Dean died—well, that's when I started riding dirt bikes with McQueen and racing a few go-carts with Newman." Brittle laugh. "Do you know something, man? I can't stand the goddamn things. Like, with *Easy Rider*, everyone thought I was a heavy biker, right? I was *terrified* of that bike. I had hit an oil slick once on Sunset Boulevard with a chick on the back, and I was in the hospital for ten days. So when I made the movie, every time a shot was done, that bike went right on the truck."

Hopper was dangerous enough on foot. Indeed, the stories about him comprise a modern Hollywood mythology that makes the tales of Fields and Flynn and Barrymore read like Dink Stover at Yale. Hooper, they say, in the heyday of the sixties, was convinced the FBI was stalking him, and used to prowl the L.A. suburbs near his home with a gun in search of the G-men. There are tapes showing him going berserk on the set of *Easy Rider*; when a cameraman threw a handy television set at him, Hopper cracked the guy with a karate chop. (The next day 17 members of the cast quit.) He fought as well with his friend Fonda, who agreed to continue with the film only after the intercession of producer Bert Schneider. Fonda became so alarmed after his run-ins with Hopper that he hired a bodyguard and packed a gun to match the one Hopper was likely to be carrying.

Long before his *Easy Rider* antics, Hopper stunned the film industry by marrying into its innermost circle. Brooke Hayward was, of course, the golden daughter of agent Leland Hayward and actress Margaret Sullavan. Dennis helped provide a measure of the misery that inspired *Haywire*, a bone-bruising karate chop to Hayward's nose being the merest preliminary. Eventually, she took their daughter Marin and left him. Later came his celebrated eight-day marriage to Michelle Phillips, which he recalls with surprising good humor. "We'd been together for eight months," he says, cracking open another beer, "and got married on Halloween. I wanted to show her that we could be married and she could still have her career." Ah, hear the blind egos, colliding in the night. "She went off to work with Leonard Cohen and called me eight days later. I said, 'I love you, I need you.' She said, 'Have you ever thought of suicide?'" Dennis later married actress Daria Halprin (*Zabriskie Point*), who bore him another daughter. Two years later she left Hopper and Hollywood, and is now a practicing clinical psychologist.

All of which would make Hopper nothing more than a tetherless renegade were it not for the fierce centrifugal force of his talents. Not just as an actor, mind you—although there are sober men in Hollywood who will tell you that he is one of the best in the business when he wants to be (e.g. the loco in *Cool Hand Luke*). Hopper, the director and screenwriter, has shown flashes of lyrical brilliance. So, reputedly, has Hopper the poet. (Hopper, who once said he does not read "because books have nothing to say, man," has written thousands of poems.) His early paintings and later photographic assemblages were shown in the best L.A. galleries and museums across the country, and he once mounted a collection of Pop Art estimated to be worth nearly $1 million.

Hopper stretches out on his double bed and pops the tab on a fresh beer. Throughout his legend runs a constant thread of drunken and drug-induced rages. He admits to the former, dismisses the latter. "I was never on hard drugs at all," he insists. "Hell, man, if anything, alcohol is my addiction." He settles back to talk.

"Have I mellowed at all? Yes. Am I still a macho motherfucker? Yes, that's true, too. Look, there are times in my life I've been really stupid, like hitting a woman with my open hand. Hell, you can break a nose that way, although I'm not sure I actually *broke* her nose." He takes a pull on his beer. "You know, I met Jim Brown at a party once. He said to me, 'You're the guy who beats up women.' Can you dig that? Here's a guy who once threw a girl off a *balcony*. But yeah, I was stupid. There were just certain moral things that, on my midwestern upbringing level, I couldn't apprehend, so I would strike out. But the gun business wasn't paranoia, it was real—the guns were for protection. The other is just drunk animal time, lashing out. Still, I'll tell you, I never remember starting a fight, but I've finished a lot that I didn't start."

And did he really do all those things written about him? Are those incontinent performances that terrorized Hollywood for real? "Oh, yeah, man, I did it, all right. I was desperate. I'm also a compulsive creator, and I can't stand being lied to. At parties I'd nail a producer in a corner and demand to know, 'Why am I not directing? Why am I not acting?' Who wants to deal with a maniac like that?"

Hopper grins tightly at the memories. "Tell the truth, it's just plain difficult for me to be in society—to be a social being. That's why I'm better off up here. New York and Hollywood are hard for me, where you have to go and sit in a producer's lap at those parties. Oh, I can do it for a while, but then I find I'm acting. I think's it's my worst performance. I try to be polite and courteous, and then sure enough, I get pissed off and blow it. Let's face it, I can't stay on my best behavior for long. . .I don't have the social amenities to make it or enjoy it."

I ask about the poetry and the art. "I lost 15,000 poems and 380 paintings in the Bel Air fire of '61," he says. "Luckily, I had a photography showing in L.A. that night, or the photos would have been lost, too. I tried to write and paint again, but I just couldn't. So I started assembling objects and photographing them, but after *Easy Rider* I never took any more photos."

And after *The Last Movie*, he directed no more films. "I haven't been able to

Photograph: Memory Shop

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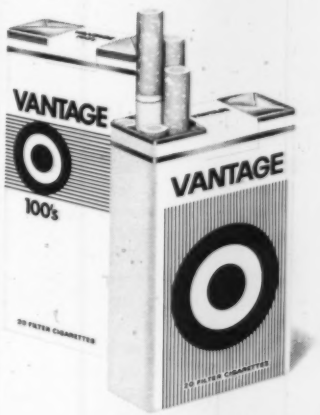
Vince Dougherty
Philadelphia, Pa.



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get financing since then, it's that simple," he says. "That movie won the Venice Film Festival in 1971, yet Universal never even distributed it outside this country." Hopper went on to act in movies such as *Kid Blue* and *The American Friend*, but they did poorly at the box office.

"If they don't explain the game to you, what a schmuck you can be," he says evenly. "I thought I was doing them a favor, making *Easy Rider* for $340,000, but in fact I was a threat to them. I was fucking up their system. I was an idiot in their eyes—pat the idiot on the back and let him go. Well they did pat me on the back. They gave me $1.1 million to shoot *Last Movie*. Hell, they can do that anytime they want. They write off $800,000, even if they only spend $150,000 on distribution and publicity. A year later they sell the outtakes back to their own company for $1 million for a TV show. So now they've made money *without even distributing the movie*. But they couldn't do that with *The Last Movie* without my permission because I had final cut. So Dennis Hopper, who's proved he can make movies that make money, who can shoot in the streets and cut budgets. . . . " There is a sharp ring of truth in Hopper's child/cynic's view of his profession, an attitude reminiscent of Prewitt's deep, unreasoning love of the army in *From Here to Eternity*. . .*just because a man loves a thing don't mean it has to love him back*. "See, politics means everything in this business, because it's so big. I have no resentment against these men—anyone who can make movies is okay in my book. I'm just astonished at the energies and complexities of their business. How in hell they got it all together, I don't know. Jesus, sound films are only 50-years-old.

"All I regret," he says with a sigh, "is that nobody taught me how to play. I'm not shocked at their ethics; I just feel like I never got my *bar mitzvah*."

Brooke Hayward once pointed out the essential problem: "Dennis is a demonic artist, like Rimbaud. Nothing matters but his work." That is why the failure of *The Last Movie* was such a crippling blow to him. If nothing else, it is the most curious, surreal autobiography ever filmed. Dennis considered it the culmination of everything he had wanted so desperately to express. It was a movie about making a movie about making a movie, a hall of blinding mirrors focusing on Hopper. As Kansas, macho loner, sensitive poet, shitkicker, Christ-figure, he was trying on all of his personas for all the world to see. The world didn't buy it, and that gored him. That is why, in exchange for *The Last Movie* outtakes, he received all the distribution rights and plans to re-release the film on his own.

"Brando and I go toe-to-toe for 15 rounds, and you know what — I think I took the gorilla in Manila"

The Last Movie will not rehabilitate Hopper, but his performance in *Apocalypse Now* just might. That is to say, if Francis Ford Coppola's elephantine Viet Nam epic (estimated cost: $30 million plus) ever gets to the screen. For his part, Hopper is serenely convinced that "it will be the best movie ever made."

"We're under contract not to talk about it," he says, his enthusiasm rising, "but Francis said he could promise me at least a nomination. It's going to be mind-shattering, because Brando and I go toe-to-toe for 15 rounds, and you know what?"—Hopper leans forward with a glittering grin—"I think I took the gorilla in Manila!" He sits back, triumphant, his camera's eye already flickering over the scene at the awards ceremonies. "I've never had a chance to go the distance with a great actor on an equal footing. But this time I did, and I think I got him."

Hopper is revved up now. We take off in the pickup with Gigi and head toward the Sagebrush Inn. The *Human Highway* gang is already holding court in the bar. Soon there is tequila and beer enough for every living creature in the Rio Grande. (Do not ever, I repeat ever, try to keep up with Dennis Hopper.) While some local dirt-dobber growls out a song about how he's 200 pounds of swingin' dog, Hopper calls for oranges, and starts to juggle. He's quickly joined by Tamblyn; the Easy Rider is no match for the West Side Story Jet. Hopper then offers a challenge to Neil Young. If Young will sing five songs, Hopper will first recite Hamlet's soliloquy. Agreed, says Young. Hopper swaggers through the smoky darkness to the dim red-lighted stage, faces down his desert-leather audience and begins: *To be or not to be/ that is the question*. . . A madman's gleam in his eyes and a spectral carbine in his hands, he does the whole thing, and he is goddamn terrific—Olivier of the mountain. His audience loves it; most don't know Stratford-on-Avon from Margaritaville, but they clap like old Billy at the end . . . *That motherfucker Dennis, he can flat get it on*. . . .

Later, as we drive through the eerie, star-swarmed New Mexican night, Hopper reflects on his post-revolution phase. "I've been doing a college lecture tour," he says. "I hit a few schools, show *The Last Movie*, then open the house to questions. Besides trying to get a feel about the film, I'm also interested in seeing what people feel in the universities these days. After all, we're not trying to stop a war anymore. I thought it would mean they could work harder and not be bothered. But I've found they're a little bored—they want a cause to come along. They ask me, 'What are we supposed to do? You're supposed to be our spokesman.'

"So I tell them, 'Look, don't you think I'm a little old to be your spokesman? I'm 42, for Chrissakes. Why don't you just study and have a good time?' See, I have no bones to pick anymore, no chip on my shoulder. And it's not just because I'm older. Look, I think Jane Fonda and I won the war, but I'm not going to run for the fuckin' Senate. For me, it's over. And hell, I can't say that my politics hurt me in Hollywood. It was probably my own dogmatic personality." Hopper pulls out a cigarette and lights up; that and the headlights are the only terrestrial glimmer in the dark, brooding night.

"Anyway, I think I'm best at social commentary, not political commentary. Know what I want to do most? I want to make a linear movie, with a beginning, middle and end. I want to make a film that people want to see. I think of *Last Movie* as being a palette—it showed all my colors and strokes. Now it's time for a movie that folks can follow and enjoy."

While I ponder the midlife mellowing of Hollywood's most monstrous manchild, Hopper suddenly says, "I don't think I ever want to do another interview. Fuck it. A lot of the great legends didn't—Dean, he never did. I don't think I ever will again, either."

I lift my nose, a stag startled at a once-peaceful salt lick. It's the first whiff I've caught of the dread hunter. Gigi, seated between us, quickly intervenes.

"But you got good vibrations from this interview, didn't you Dennis?"

"No," he says shortly, "I didn't get good vibrations at all."

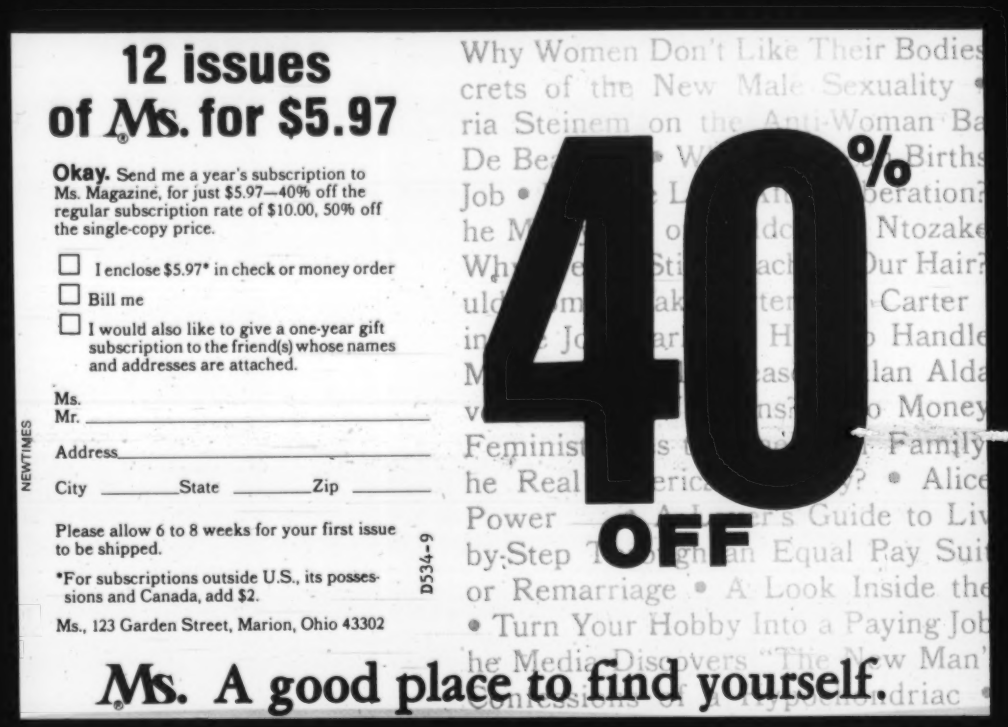
I search, impossibly, for a topic at once light and meaningful. I remember a Hopper apothegm I had once read, and I quote it:

I would like to make other kinds of movies. But until the world straightens up, I'm going to keep on making movies that torment the world, the same way the world torments me.

"Given all you've been saying today," I offer, "I guess you don't really feel that way anymore, right?"

Hopper keeps his eyes straight ahead. "Oh, no," he says softly. "No, man, you got it wrong. That's *exactly* the way I feel."

It suddenly strikes me, like a chill wind stealing over the mountains, what my role is here: I'm one more walk-on in Dennis Hopper's never-ending last movie. ●



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Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

LIFE IS SHORT, AND SO IS ART

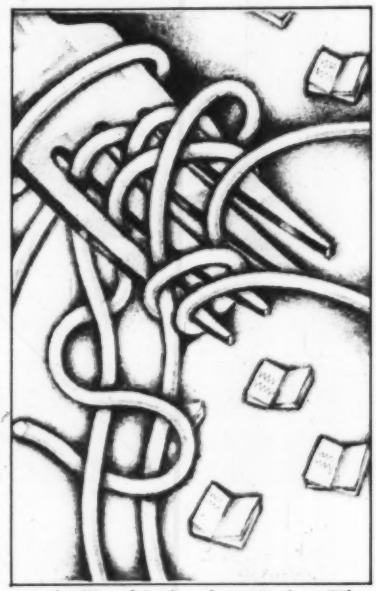
Fools Die
by Mario Puzo.
Putnam
(572 pp., $12.50).

I'd hate to have you think I'm eating my liver, that envy of a $2.5 million paperback sale has in any way conditioned my judgment of Mario Puzo's fourth, worst novel. It wouldn't be right if you believed I have the man's hourly rates in mind when I complain about his slipshod craftsmanship and penny-ante philosophy. Don't for a moment believe I begrudge his grand-slam play according to Gresham's law, that I hold money to have any bearing on the dilution of Puzo's gifts.

But money is at the root of this book's plot, and its evils. Like the sum $2.5 million, the money here has an almost theoretical character: $2.5 million is merely less than $3 million and more than $2 million, just as the gamblers in *Fools Die* sky into Las Vegas and lose a half million at the Xanadu Hotel, or win it. Winning isn't even that much better: the first of the book's sub-plots (*Fools Die* is more a collection of discrete stories than a novel) concerns a man who wins $400,000 and then blows his head off, playing, in gamblers' terminology, the Big Ace.

Money here begets money, of course. But what is the difference between $2.5 million (say) and $1 billion? After the inventory of brand names, the usual cars and tailors and shoemakers and hotels and restaurants, where's the kick? Two hundred to a hundred-a-night call girl? Three hundred-a-night call girls? Big deal. Finally there's nothing much but numbers, and that must be why Puzo's characters waste so much time nattering about Art.

The characters in *Fools Die* sound as though they're doing a college application essay: "Why I Want to Read the Masters and Take Creative Writing." Mario Puzo has confessed to *Time*, in a cover story titled "The Godfather of the Paperback Boom," that "I believed in art." So does the hero of *Fools Die*, John Merlyn, whom we're invited to regard as a kind of magician. He's an orphan, self-made, like a character in a



novel, like his brother Artie. (The Merlin-King Arthur business is made explicit for the lip readers.) Merlyn is a novelist whose history more than a little resembles Puzo's own: first a couple of good "serious" novels that don't make a nickel, then a good blockbuster.

His friend Osano, a novelist and journalist made of ripped-off pieces of Norman Mailer, has strong feelings about novelists (as about women, money, fame, power, violence and disease): "All novelists, bad and good, are heroes." Gee. Merlyn thinks the case may be overstated, but after he makes his killing from "a truly great novel, my *Crime and Punishment* novel" (this would be *The Godfather*), "I felt as if I were deserting the company of heroes. I didn't give a damn if that was a typical writer's sentimentality."

Everyone's sentimental here, especially the whores, even the hoods, when it's good business. It's *always* good business to be sentimental on the pages of a blockbuster. "For my money," says Merlyn the Magician, "it was art that made you understand how to live." (*In my art*, Puzo seems to believe, *it's money that makes you understand how to live.*) New York, Las Vegas, Tokyo, Hollywood. Hollywood, of course: starlets, kinky sex, Big Deals, vulgar studio execs, the casting couch, the Polo Lounge, the Sensitive Artist as Victim: "I was aware that cinema was the most vital art of our time, and I was jealous." A writer who writes like that should be too worried to have time for jealousy.

Let's look at Puzo's art. He moves his cumbersome plot the time-tested ways, with throat-clearing intimations and omniscient intrusions, with such authorial interjections as "what no one knew..." Because he won't trust a reader to remember the climaxes of a few pages earlier, he recapitulates the plot, as though *Fools Die* were a serial, or a television series. (Hmmmm?) You read that Jordan Hawley shot himself after his big play in Vegas, and then you read it again, and again, and again.

Perhaps Puzo doesn't trust a reader to remember what he has just written because he himself has such trouble remembering what he has just written. Much is made of a Las Vegas shill named Diane, who is several times described as having "long jet black hair she used as a whip" against the recumbent bodies of the hotel's good customers. The hotel's owner, a man legendary for his powers of observation, his attention to detail, his understanding of women, describes Diane as "the blonde."

The owner's apprentice, Cully, hates to drink, Puzo tells his readers. But "after a fatiguing night of drinking" he likes to eat Japanese soup for breakfast. Japan and the Japanese, money smuggling and geishas, play a prominent part in *Fools Die*. When the Japanese are first introduced they are called "the pearl without price" that casino operators covet for their reckless spending. In the next paragraph the Japanese showgirl who makes Cully's soup, is "cute as a pearl in its shell." Pearls and the Japanese are like pasta and Italians, I guess, like crime and Italians.

The most impressive character in *Fools Die* is the casino operator, Gronevelt, described accurately by the book's jacket copy as an "all-powerful 'Godfather'." He plays all the angles, knows everything. (He even cares about Art, or at least reads books, even John Merlyn's.) He blasts pure oxygen through the casino's air conditioning system to revive the marks. He teaches Cully the angles. Trouble is, Puzo forgets what his mastermind believes. An early episode in the book shows Gronevelt extremely suspicious because one of his blackjack tables has lost money several days in a row. He tells Cully something is wrong, always believe the percent-

ages, no table should lose that often. True enough, the table is rigged. A few hundred pages later Cully becomes suspicious because a dice table has lost night after night, week after week. Gronevelt now is unconcerned: "Don't worry...the percentage will work." True enough, the table is not rigged.

But bungled joinery is the least of this book's vices. Its worst is a grinding dullness. Its pages are heavy, its plot capricious, its language awful. I wish I could believe it were dictated rather than written, but I don't. Puzo wants to give the customers their money's worth: a good time, an entertaining show and some philosophy to chew on. Hence the title. If I understand the moral, it means that only fools die. Smart people survive. Forever? I'm not sure.

There are a couple of suicides, one of them Osano's. Mailer will love this one. First a novelist named Alan Lelchuk shot him in the behind in *American Mischief*, murdered him. Now Puzo gives him tertiary, terminal syphilis. So Osano does himself in (after throwing his wife through a plate-glass window, lusting for the Nobel Prize, marrying five times and flogging the women's liberationists) with pills.

Cully dies in Japan of terminal greed, offed by Gronevelt, who was, if you get my meaning (and Puzo's), *like a father to him*. There are gall-bladder operations, a couple of heart attacks, a stroke and a cerebral hemorrhage. Fools, I guess, die of things like these. Certainly disease is the principal conceit in these pages. "Ego in movie land was like TB in a mining town." In movie land a producer named Malomar, sitting in his "plush suite of offices," has to put up with "a bigger pain in the ass" even than the studio boss, Wartberg. "If Wartberg was cancer of the rectum, as Malomar jokingly said, Jack Houlinan was hemorrhoids and, on a day-to-day basis, far more irritating."

Like that? Here's the hero, telling his mistress, the woman he loves with great tenderness and respect, about the dangers of venereal disease, warning her against promiscuity: "'A male has a thin, clear discharge from within one to ten days, but women most of the time never even know they have gonorrhea. Fifty to eighty percent of women have no symptoms for weeks or months or they have a green or yellow discharge. Also, women get a mushroom odor from their genitals.'

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Records/by Jim Miller

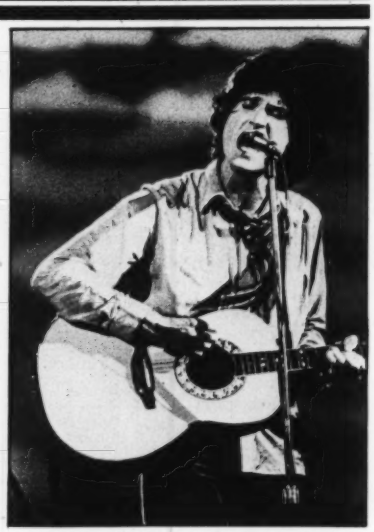
SUMMERTIME BLUES

Once upon a time, rock and roll was the province of one-shots, performers part mad in pursuit of fame, readying themselves with unswerving intensity for one moment in the sun—the kind of fanatics willing to let themselves be blown from a cannon, if that would get their names in lights. Today, by contrast, rock has become an industry of sober professionals: shrewd businessmen who husband their resources and work diligently, dependably rising to the occasion of a concert or recording session, but rarely risking proven licks in a gamble on the unique or outrageous. The modern rock journeyman cautiously builds a cult following alert to nuances in handling a circumscribed genre—and there is no finer example of the new breed of pop professional than Gerry Rafferty, who enjoyed unprecedented popularity this past summer thanks to his top ten hit "Baker Street."

Rafferty first found a measure of success as one half of Stealers Wheel, the British group that hit with "Stuck in the Middle With You" in 1973. After none of their follow-ups clicked, Rafferty and his partner Joe Egan parted company in 1975, Egan to retire in Scotland, Rafferty to pursue a solo career. He could boast of a reedy voice adept at imitating Paul McCartney and Bob Dylan, and a flair for hummable melodies. After working in a folkie vein for a spell, he aimed at the pop audience again, releasing *City to City* (United Artists), a very commercial album, earlier this year.

"Baker Street" is easily the strongest track on this album. Sporting an urbane and vaguely jazzy arrangement unusual on contemporary top 40, the song climbed the charts, helped along by an insistent saxophone riff. With its string and flute orchestration, the record evokes a sultry exultation reminiscent of Junior Walker's great "What Does It Take"—perfect fare for summer in the city.

Alas, *City to City* as a whole fails to match even such modest stabs at originality. If you happened to put on side two, you would hear in succession "Mattie's Rag," with McCartneyesque vaudeville horns, "Whatever's Written in Your Heart," McCartneyesque balladry complete with trite lyrics, and "Home and Dry," a McCartneyesque rocker. You might think you were listening to a more vigorous and varied McCartney album than Paul's last one.



Davies: Growing old reluctantly

The first side fares better, with some folkie fiddling and strong melodies. But despite his consistency, Rafferty too rarely transcends faceless mimetic competence. Although he can easily sustain a cult following, one can only wonder whether he has the vision, personality and drive to sustain his current mass popularity.

The new wave sometimes sounds hopelessly old hat. In the context of rock in the seventies, conciseness, muscular guitar lines and unabashed pop melodiousness all may seem like so many signs of iconoclasm. But during the summer, I began to wonder whether the new wave is really a revolution, or simply a series of flashy atavisms. Robert Gordon apes rockabilly from the fifties; Mink De Ville apes soul from the sixties. And Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers clone the sounds of the Byrds and the Stones.

As *You're Gonna Get It* (ABC Shelter) shows, Petty has mastered their song forms. His band knows all the instrumental moves, right down to the ringing 12-string guitar licks. Through vocal overdubs, Petty also comes uncannily close to duplicating the harmony style of the original Byrds (with McGuinn, Clark and Crosby). On several tracks—particularly "When the Times Comes"—it is easy to entertain the illusion of hearing an unreleased Byrds tune, indeed, a pretty good unreleased Byrds tune.

So Petty sports clean harmonies, melodies and singing. Judged against his prototypes, his only problem is with lyrics and image. Petty is too pretty—unthreatening. Without going into the dirty fingernails Mick Jagger was once reputed to have, consider McGuinn's slightly sinister grannie glasses and trippy allusions—elements of a stage presence that challenged an audience. Petty, however, will have none of that, and his lyrics betray the blandness of his conception. To admit that the Heartbreakers album nevertheless sounds fresh and "new" is as much a critique of rock today as a commendation of Petty's music.

The sense of deja vu is also strong on the Kinks' *Misfits* (Arista). But since Ray Davies coined these cliches more than ten years ago, I suppose he is entitled to them. A typically uneven collection, this album is redeemed by one wonderful track, "A Rock'n'Roll Fantasy." It's about growing old reluctantly, playing the same old rock and roll song: a 35-year-old's view of what Petty and friends want to renew through mere imitation. There are other moments here as well, and the album is enlivened by hard rock instrumentation, Davies' reedy lead singing, and some nice Beach-Boyish vocal arrangements—all a welcome change from the undernourished Kinks concept albums of a few years back. For those who prefer to grow old with the same bands they grew up with, *Misfits* isn't a bad listen.

In certain idioms of pop, where nuance and feeling matter as much as originality, the line separating the pedestrian from the nonpareil is deceptively thin. It may be a question of unusually strong material, crisp production, sharp playing, impassioned singing; and when all four factors converge, the result may be more special than any of the ingredients by themselves suggest.

The Staple Singers, producer Jerry Wexler and veteran session players from Muscle Shoals, Alabama, have just released that kind of a special record. Everyone involved has commanded respect in the past: the Staples for their folkish brand of modern gospel, and, more recently, their string of soul hits at Stax ("Respect Yourself," "I'll Take You There"); Jerry Wexler for his work with performers like Aretha Franklin, Dusty Springfield and Wil-

Photographs by Charlyn Zlotnik

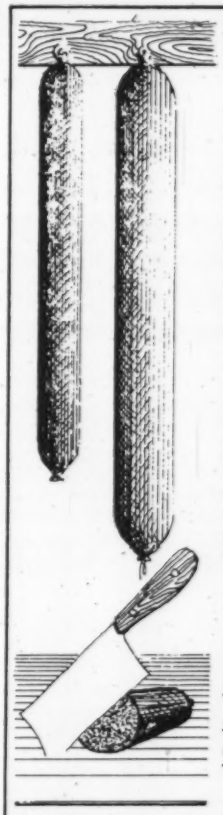
son Pickett; and the Muscle Shoals rhythm section for their classic playing on dates with Aretha, Etta James, Clarence Carter and Candi Staton. But neither the Staples, Wexler or the Muscle Shoals band have enjoyed much prominence recently. The kind of Southern soul they know best is no longer in vogue, and all three have tried their hand at less congenial styles, with less than compelling results.

Unlock Your Mind (Warner Bros.) finds the Staples back where they belong, performing a well-chosen set of songs with sympathetic accompaniment. They cover good recent material by Paul Kelly, Swampp Dogg, and Jeff Lynne ("Showdown"), as well as atmospheric older songs, like "Handwriting on the Wall," a sparse gospel track with ensemble singing, and "Mystery Train," done by Pop Staples à la Presley.

What makes this record memorable, though, is the singing and playing. When it's on, as it is here, the Muscle Shoals team knows few peers. On almost every cut, they hit a stinging groove: on "Don't Burn Me," it's almost a funky waddle. Guitarist Travis Wammack coaxes a springy kick out of his guitar, while the horn charts nicely punch each track along; bass and drums pop at just the right time. And the no-nonsense production, credited jointly to Wexler and Barry Beckett, keeps the band firmly in focus.

With strong playing and songs, it would be pretty hard for the Staples to miss. They've been around for more than 20 years now, their career shrewdly managed by Pop, the soft-spoken patriarch of the family. Their secret weapon is Mavis Staples. One of the great singers in modern gospel and soul, she has a husky voice with plenty of power held in reserve. Like all the great soul singers, she plays with silences and the anticipation of frenzy, far more than with screams per se; at her best, she conveys a rich sense of tension and a kind of coiled eroticism that distinguishes her from a stylist like Gladys Knight, who surrenders herself to sentimental tunes.

Mavis, who flawlessly navigates the up-tempo material, stands out on ballads. "Leave it All Up to Love" has a brooding smokiness, while the title track is helped along by a bright flute riff and a gentle West Indian rhythmic undertow. Admittedly, neither of these tracks is an original masterpiece; but then, there isn't a bad cut on this album. When handled with such integrity and care, nuance and feeling are sometimes enough to create something special. With *Unlock Your Mind*, the Staples have produced a modest set of nonpareil Southern soul.●



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Movies/by Richard Corliss

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

Chicago, 1916. Bill (Richard Gere), a hard-luck mill hand, has accidentally killed his foreman. With his 11- or 12-year-old sister Linda (Linda Manz) and his girlfriend Abby (Brooke Adams), he escapes to the Texas Panhandle, where they all secure work helping to harvest the huge wheat crop of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard). The farmer, who's been told he has only a year to live, falls in love with Abby. Believing Bill to be her brother and not her lover, the farmer invites the "family" to stay with him through the winter—a quartet of strangers, alone on a 20,000-acre spread. Soon enough, and against the advice of the farmer's old, paternal foreman (Robert Wilke), the farmer marries Abby. She's flattered, and grateful, and perhaps beginning to reciprocate his love, but her attraction to Bill is still strong and sexual. The farmer's suspicions about Abby's relationship to her "brother" start festering and, during an attack of locusts on the farm, he charges at Bill, sparking a fire that destroys most of the year's crop. Next morning, he goes out to shoot Bill who, in a reflexive defense move, stabs the farmer with a screwdriver. The farmer dies. Bill flees the farm with Abby and Linda, but is tracked down and killed by the police. Abby leaves Linda in a boarding school, and is last seen being escorted onto a train by a young soldier. Linda escapes from the school with a friend, and wanders off down a stretch of railroad track.

Sometimes, without even realizing it, we judge movies as if they were people. Each film has its own personality, and since we're spending a couple of hours with it, we want it to be good company. In this light, *Hooper* can be seen as a funny, dependable drinking buddy; *Heaven Can Wait* is a celestial double date; *Grease* is a high-school reunion with some charming rowdies. The word frequently used to describe these films, and most of the summer fare, is "amiable"—literally, friendly. And some of these movies have lived up to the modest demands we place on summer companionship. We're not looking for the mind of a poet—just a few laughs, a cheap thrill or two, and a place to hang around. That's what this summer's movies have given us.

To judge from the advance reaction, Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven* is altogether a different kind of person: handsome, smart, but a little cold—a great boss but not a good friend. The breathtaking beauty of its images, the sophistication of its sound, the almost daunting intelligence brought to every aspect of the film—all this is conceded. And yet there's a gild-

Linda Manz: DOH's wizened 12-year-old narrator

ed-frame, *objet d'art* perfection about *Days of Heaven* that puts a distance between it and those who would be its fondest admirers. The typical comment is: "It sure is beautiful...." And here the voice trails off, as if the speaker can't decide whether beauty is enough. The unspoken conclusion to that sentence: "...but I just can't *like* it!"

We have to distinguish between *pretty* and *beautiful*. Nowadays, most films are pretty: the colors are clear, they blend in a pleasing fashion, often with a painterly care. But rarely does all this artistry seem integral to the work; mostly, it's just attractive decoration on a hard-boiled egg. Beauty, as it's traditionally defined, is a felicitous blending of subject and surface; in a human being or a work of art, its radiance derives from the soul, and suffuses the surface. By this standard, *Days of Heaven* is not only the prettiest movie ever made, it's one of the most beautiful, because every gorgeous frame contributes to the film's grand design. The imagery isn't window dressing, it's the central window into Terry Malick's concerns. In a way, it's the subject of *Days of Heaven*.

It's an axiom of auteur criticism that "Every shot is a moral judgment." By determining the angle of the camera, the positioning of the actors, the distance from camera to actors, the lighting of the scene, the duration of a shot—through all these aesthetic decisions, a director expresses his moral attitude toward the story and its characters. *Days of Heaven* is this dictum made glorious reality. There's very little dialogue in the film; we get some information from a bizarre, disjointed narration provided by young Linda, but most of what we learn comes from what we see and feel.

The film is certainly lovely to look at—anyone who doesn't get a high just from the succession of open-air images should have his eyes checked, and maybe his pulse taken but, more important, every picture tells a story. Virtually every shot, as well as being a stunning portrait, is a small drama, a dramatic or visual problem to be solved before the shot ends. The punch line may be supplied by the smallest movement of actor or object: a glance that shifts to a point just off the screen, a patch of snow falling from a window turret. Malick has controlled the film so precisely that an even slightly abrupt camera movement—say, a short pan from the just-married Abby to the desolate Bill, who looks petrified by the camera's sudden interest in him—can produce a greater effect than any Peckinpah bloodbath. It's the kind of art that calls attention to itself (at the end of one underwater shot, you may find yourself asking: "How long did the cameraman have to wait for that fish to swim around the wine glass?"), but you'll cheat yourself if you concentrate only on the pretty pictures, and ignore what they're contributing to the complex narrative.

Granted that the story, as sketched above, is simple enough, and its characters are pared down until they're virtual archetypes. The plot could have come out of a 1916 pulp magazine—or from a D.W. Griffith film. *Days of Heaven* also carries echoes of several

Photograph by Edie Baskin

superb morality plays produced during the last years of the silent film: F.W. Murnau's *Sunrise* and *City Girl*, and Victor Seastrom's *The Wind*. And there are similarities to another family epic with a Texas farm setting, George Stevens' *Giant*, even to the Victorian house perched incongruously on the plain—only this time with Sam Shepard in the Rock Hudson role (old money, good breeding, a strong, shy, nice man), Brooke Adams in the Elizabeth Taylor part (the wife, torn between two men), and Richard Gere looking and acting very much like James Dean (the tortured upstart). But there's a crucial difference: these films told their stories from the omniscient overview of their directors; the narrative was smooth and sweeping. *Days of Heaven* is seen from the perspective of Linda, the tough, but somehow mystical, pre-teen. And because Linda's attachment is as strong for the earth and the elements as for the people around her, the way the film looks and sounds is as important as the story it tells.

Malick goes so far as to provide each character with an objective correlative. Linda is, as we noted, associated with the earth. "I could be a mud doctor," she says, her choked city patois giving her aspirations an added poignance, "checkin' out the ground underneath." And later, during the few months when the "family" seems not to have a care in the world: "I could do anythin' I wanted to. Roll in the fields, talk to the wheat patches. When I was sleepin', they talk to me. They'd go in my dreams." She (as well as the film) dreams images of the earth, of the majestic rolling wheat fields, and the pheasants and rabbits scurrying across the fields and away from the harvesting machines. The sounds she hears are elemental, too: the cry of birds over the plain, the flapping of steer's tails against their haunches and, always, the wind.

So it's natural that Linda sees people as determined by the elements. She explains the farmer's love for Abby by saying: "Maybe it was the way the wind blew through her hair." If the film shows more sympathy toward the upper-class farmer than to lower-class Bill, it's because Linda feels a special kinship to this man who loves the land and uses it well. We first see the farmer from a low angle (Linda's point of view), sniffing a stalk of wheat, moving it between his fingers. He's a merchant of the earth, but also its sensual lover, in a way he can't dare to be with Abby. Linda understands this passion for the land; she shares it.

But the farmer's primary association is with dogs. There must be half a dozen on the farm. They hunt with him, and we can share his pleasure, watching the graceful, purposeful movements of a pointer's shoulders as the animal tracks down a quail. They play with him; and, as his less inhibited surrogates, they play with Abby. Abby's correlative is horses. "I remember when I first saw you," Bill tells her in a quiet, loving moment. "You had the blackest hair I ever saw." The early snow clings to Abby's black hair, and the next shot is of the farmer's horses, the snow speckling their black manes. Later, Bill stares painfully as Abby and the farmer ride together on a black horse. And after Bill has killed the farmer, he goes chasing after the dead man's horse, which rears and then gallops away from him. He won't have Abby much longer, either.

Abby and Linda would be content to stay on the farm until their benefactor dies, or maybe forever. They are, for the first time in their lives, well-fed, comfortable, and deeply cared for. But Bill is restless, dissatisfied. He feels like an intruder, and at the same time he feels robbed of his one treasure: Abby. And he *is* an intruder, in the story and in the film. He's the 20th century—and, more precisely, the modern, urban, potentially dangerous machine age—violently interrupting a 19th-century reverie. All the machine images are his: that harvester closing

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in on the animals; and an airplane, in which he briefly flees from the farm; and a motorcycle, which carries him back; and the motorcycle's tool, the fatal screwdriver; and the farmer's car, which he uses for his getaway; and the boat he buys for their escape, which goes aground just before he's killed. Bill is also associated with eerie, metallic sounds: the whirring of the harvester, of course, but also the steely cacophony of the locusts, implacable as any machine in their mowing down of the farmer's crop.

Bill may represent the machines, but he's not their master. Nor is he a villain. He's just a genuine, 20th-century loser: he knows it, and it angers and confuses him. In a rare moment of confidence with the farmer, Bill talks about his dreams of success. "Then one day you wake up and realize you're not the smartest guy in the world—never gonna make a big score." He pauses. "When I was growin' up I thought I really would...." He stops and looks off, somewhere, into his pathetic past or his tragic future.

Malick doesn't want to romanticize, or even explain, Bill's motives. But the director is willing to chance an audience letdown—when the more noble and meaningful life (the farmer's) is ended before the life that's closer to our experience (Bill's)—by following Bill to the end of his frayed hopes. In one sense, the letdown is the climax: the heroic denouements of the Murnau, Seastrom, and Stevens films just can't apply today. Death—these deaths—are accidents, grotesque misunderstandings. The final chase, as filmed, is textbook clean, but there's no excitement to it; it seems almost perfunctory. We're not meant to get a cops-and-robbers rush out of the action. Only when Bill is shot, and he falls into the river, and Malick cuts to an underwater image of Bill's face hitting the water's surface, does our involvement return, like a sudden pain in the gut.

I think I understand Malick's strategies here, and I respect them. I also think he made a mistake in surrendering to the American cinema's compulsive need for melodramatic climaxes. He's been defeated by another kind of modern machinery: the plot mechanics of the outlaw movie. *Days of Heaven* is not, at least not primarily, an outlaw movie. It's a love story. And when, in its first hour, it explores a different set of coordinates—the moving points on an eternal triangle—*Days of Heaven* is a great love story. All that film-school precision, all those Audubon images, every minimal movement of the actors creates a visual-aural symphony of great emotive power.

The performances aren't the kind that win Oscars—nobody wears putty on his nose, or gets hysterical over the telephone—but they're mostly fine. *Days of Heaven* was the first or second film for all four lead actors, but they act well, and they're used even better. Sam Shepard, until now known as our most baroquely talented young playwright, is a minor revelation as the farmer. When he tells Abby that "Sometimes it's as though you're right inside of me; it's like I can hear your voice, and feel your breath or somethin'," Shepard gives these constricted cries of love the rhythms of real Panhandle poetry. Linda Manz is another bright "found object." Fifteen when the film was shot in 1976, she looks like nine going on 90—a runty, wizened kid, whose eccentric speech patterns make the girl's narration ("The Devil was on the farm. He just sits there laughing while the snakes eat your eyes out. They get inside you and eat all your systems out.") seem even eerier. Her poker face isn't exactly beautiful, but it's the face of the film.

Richard Gere is beautiful. His high cheekbones and deep-set brown eyes make him the handsomest of Hollywood's New Neanderthals (Pacino, DeNiro, Stallone, Travolta). He has a face that elicits all a viewer's passion and compassion. In his other films (as the jockstrap stud in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, and as the sweet, inarticulate hero of *Bloodbrothers*), Gere has seemed limited by being typecast in what may come to be called the South Brooklyn School of Acting—a lexicon of grunts, mute gestures and explosions of temperament that are traceable back to the early Brando. There are vestiges of that style in *Days of Heaven*, but they're generally muted. And when Gere is given a gentle bit of business (as when Bill makes the utterly useless and touching gesture of washing off Abby's legs in a spring lake), or when he simply has to stare at Abby, without touching her, after he returns to the farm, Gere displays a muscular, exquisite sensitivity. Brooke Adams, though, is a problem. She too often seems to be exactly what she is: a hip Manhattanite trying to play it tough and unwashed. Well, three out of four ain't bad.

"Nobody's perfect," says Linda as she and Abby and Bill flee from the farm. "There was never a perfect person around." Nor, I suppose, a perfect film. But even if we slip into our summer habits, and judge *Days of Heaven* as a person, we'll find in it something to treasure. Terry Malick made his first film, the almost-as-marvelous *Badlands*, in 1973, and he has spent the past five years on *Days of Heaven*. It was worth the wait.●

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The People Have Spoken/by Anthony Schmitz

FINAL TRIBUTE

Harold Stassen lost another election last month, his eighth career defeat. This time he was running in a Republican U.S. Senate primary in Minnesota, and he finished, as is his habit, with a handful of votes.

The winner was a plywood and paneling mogul named Rudy Boschwitz. He ignored Stassen's challenge to debate and tactfully refused to make the usual round of applicable jokes. Stassen jokes have lost their humor by now anyway. What were once quixotic ramblings through the electoral system have assumed a desperate edge, and to see the man now is to know that the jokes have gone sour. Stassen's campaign was for the most part disregarded. And although he talks around the question, you get the sense that at 71, 30 years after his first loss in a presidential campaign, Harold Stassen may have run his last race.

In this latest foray, Stassen gamely took his campaign to the people, making a pilgrimage from state fair to small-town parades. On a Saturday morning late in the race, a Stassen campaign aide (he had a total of three) pulled a white LTD station wagon up to the West St. Paul home of the one-time boy wonder. Stassen strode out to the car, his toupee firmly in place, a frayed tie patterned with the signing of the Declaration of Independence knotted around his sagging neck. The destination was a town called Underwood on the central Minnesota prairie.

There was a time when Stassen was an unbeatable candidate for governor, then a dark horse for the presidency, and, later, an obsessed recidivist. Now, above all, Stassen is an old man. His frame is still bearish, but his stomach bulges like a glacial hill on the prairie and his skin is loose and gray. As he watched the sunflowers and corn skim by from the back seat, a thick finger balanced his head and sent the crow's feet around his eye into an accordion-style seizure.

The campaign was by his own description an "austerity" affair, low on television ads and high on wanderings around the state. Stassen spent $100,000 of his own money on literature and a sprinkling of billboards, trying to get his message to the voters. It was sometimes an odd message; he promised, for example, a public works project that would connect the Mississippi River with the Great Lakes. (They are 60 miles apart.) At other times it was

simply a conservative message; Stassen talked earnestly of putting more controls on things like abortions and federal inspectors.

After a stop at a small-town television station where a young newscaster nodded gravely as Stassen said "there is a good probability I'll win the primary race," the campaign moved on to Underwood. Stassen took place number 27 in the parade, stuck in the middle of a caravan of classic cars.

They gleamed under rich coats of paint, old Fords and Chevrolets growling on a bone-dry day. Stassen stood precariously balanced on the tailgate of his station wagon, gripping a chrome wind vent as he jostled over railroad tracks along the route. He waved. An old farmer yelled back, "Still at it, Governor? Boy, you don't give up, do you?"

In Minnesota and perhaps nowhere else, Stassen is still regarded by some as a winner. He won his first county attorney race here in 1930 when he was barely 23. After two terms he was elected governor at 31, and with his staff, the "Diaper Brigade," he effected a series of reforms. Laws restricting loan sharks were toughened, and a civil service system was instituted to cut down on cronyism. He cut the state payroll from 17,000 employees to 10,000.

Stassen was described often as charismatic, and his unorthodox approach to politics kept the state enthralled. In April 1943, three months after his third inauguration, he gave up the governor's seat and enlisted in the Navy, shipping out with Admiral Bull Halsey. It was a popular move, but Stassen's political fortunes would never be the same.

Soon after returning from the war in 1946, he began his first campaign for the presidency, peppering the 48 states with advance men, then stumping himself from a DC-3 loaded with press aides, typewriters and mimeograph machines. He spent almost $1 million in the primaries before a series of blunders in Oregon and Ohio eliminated him from the primary race with Dewey and Taft.

He took refuge as president of the University of Pennsylvania and later accepted a series of jobs with the Eisenhower Administration. (In 1956, he had the presence of mind to recommend that Ike dump Nixon from the ticket.) And he began building up the long string of political losses that has secured for him a peculiar corner of American history. Stassen ran for president, or flirted with running, four times; for governor of Pennsylvania, twice; for mayor of Philadelphia, once. He lost every time. And in a fit of delusion, he waited for the 1976 Republican convention to turn to him in a deadlock. Then last January he moved back to Minnesota from Pennsylvania after taking stock of incumbent Democratic Senator Wendell Anderson's weakness.

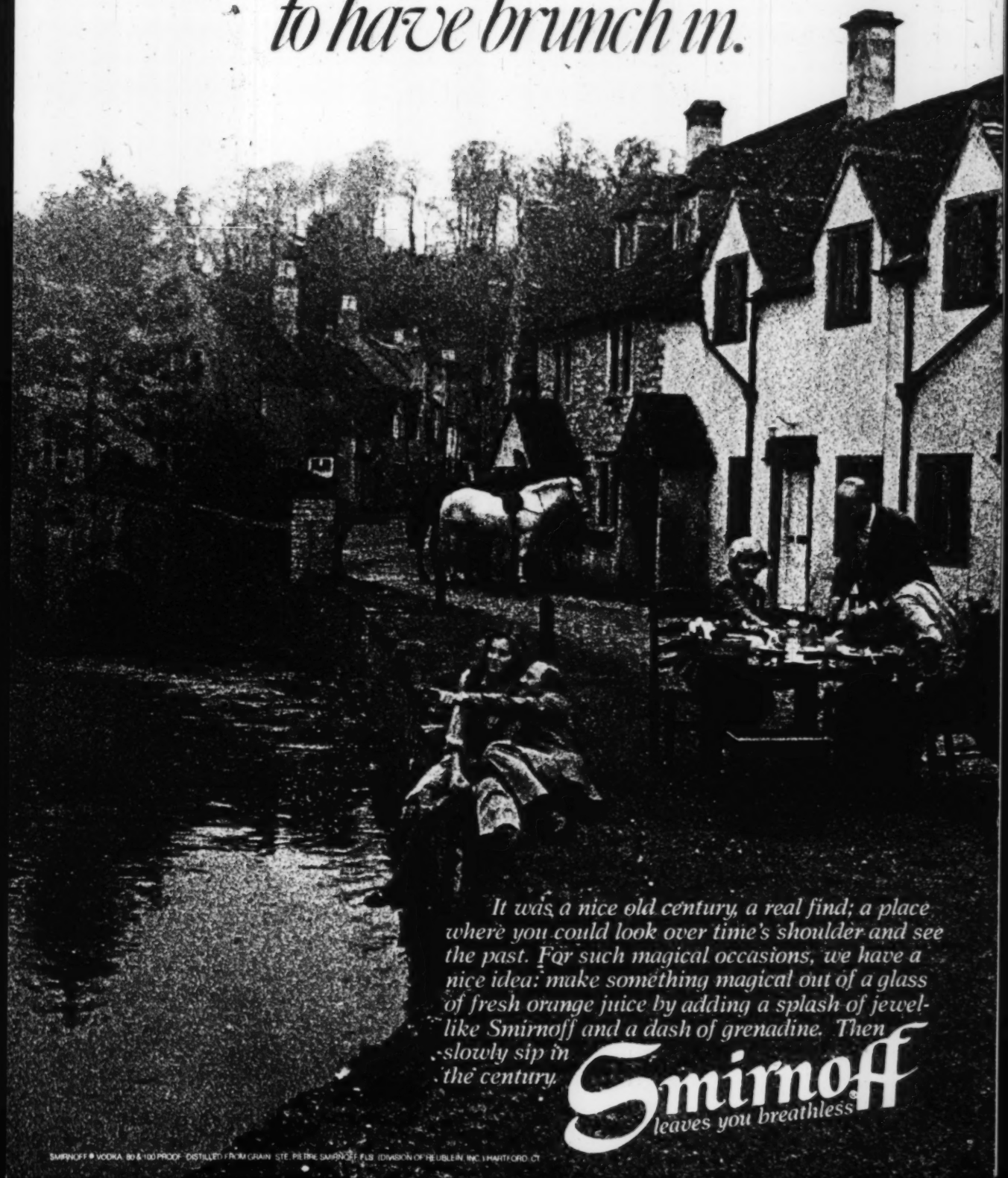
From the back seat of the LTD, Stassen said it's been important for him to "maintain a perspective. There've been high points and low points over the years. You learn to take the high points with reserve and the low points with equanimity."

An hour after the parade, Stassen walked slowly back toward the station wagon, only to find it blocked by an antique Ford pickup. He directed an aide to steer while he pushed the Ford back. They had barely started when the owner raced up, a snow cone dripping in his hand, and screamed at Stassen, "Hey, buddy! That's private property! You don't touch that!"

Stassen returned quietly to the LTD and waited several minutes for the man to move the car. Then he directed his aide down a series of wrong turns that lead, finally, to a dusty road. ●

Photograph, Wide World

You found a nice Century to have brunch in.



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